

# The TATLER

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London, July 2, 1930

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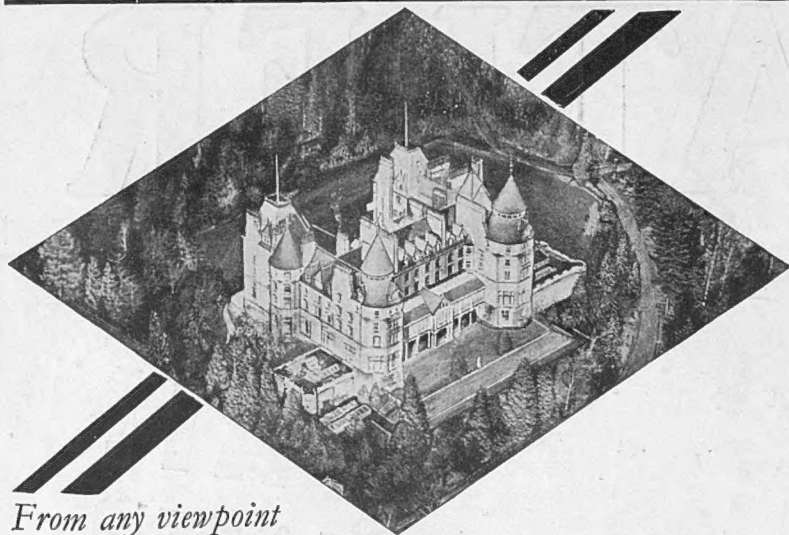
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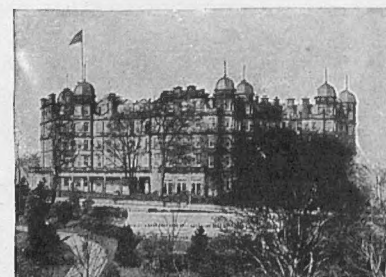
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## MAURICE—THE LION-HEART!

Maurice Tate, the mainstay of England's bowling, and his little son Maurice, taken at Brighton just before the second Test match at Lord's. Maurice Tate is the proud possessor of twins, Betty and Joan, aged eight, as well as Maurice Tate, Jun. England beat Australia at Nottingham in the First Test by 94 runs, and at the time of writing we hope to lick them again at Lord's. Much depends upon the subject of our picture





THE COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE, LADY JEAN AND LADY MARGARET OGILVY, AND MISS FULLER

At Panmure House, Carnoustie, last week, at the Angus W.R.I. Pageant. Panmure is one of Lord and Lady Dalhousie's seats. Lady Jean and Lady Margaret Ogilvy are two of Lord Airrie's little daughters

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

LISTEN, my patient dear, while I tell you of our latest activities.

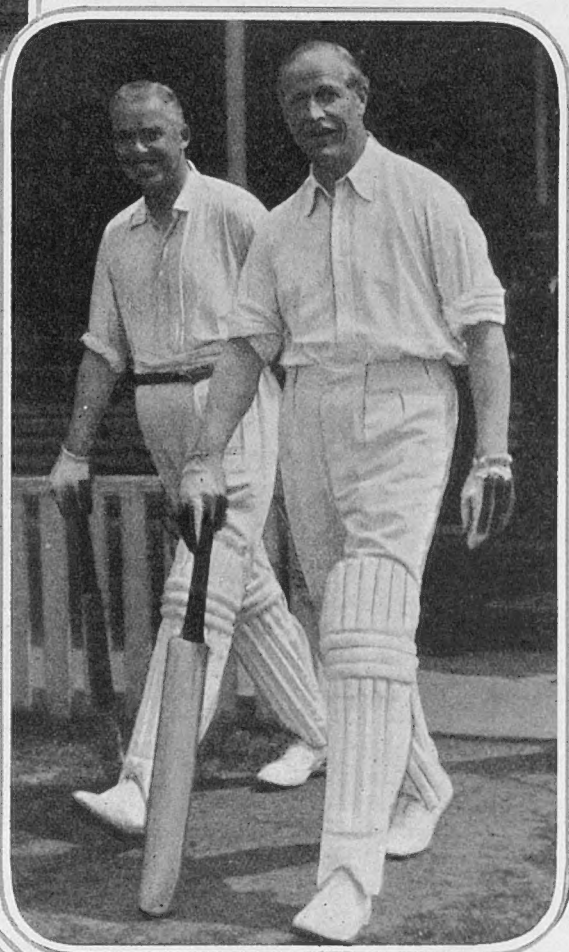
"Lady Violet Astor, At Home—Zoological Gardens" was, roughly, the gist of the evening entertainment of the week. I like it awfully; don't you? So comprehensive and considerate to all, both man and beast. I wish I had been Dr. Doolittle (you know, I hope, the inspiring influence of an enchanting series of books). He, understanding all animal languages, would have got first-hand information regarding the inmates' impressions of the two-legged guests. The Overseas visitors were the core and cause of the dinner given by the Empire Press Union, and as they came from all over the world none of the Zoo inhabitants can have failed to get the latest news from home. I understand, however, that the occupants of the Aquarium thought it a little less than kind of Mr. Edward Boulanger, their guardian and director, to countenance the fish course. Lady Violet Astor provided the subsequent dance and the volume of friends and acquaintances who accepted her bidding with enthusiasm and alacrity showed their sense. The unusual setting, adequate space, and exceptionally fine night made it one of the most refreshing diversions I have experienced this summer.



LORD AND LADY CAMOYS AT NEWPORT, U.S.A.

Where American and "Foreign" Society was in strong force when this particular picture was taken. Lady Camoys is an American and was Miss Mildred Watts Sherman before her marriage in 1911. Her father, the late Mr. William Watts Sherman, had a house at Newport

## The Letters of Eve



Dudley Glenfield

### BRIEFED FOR THE PROSECUTION

Sir William Jowitt, the Attorney-General, and Mr. John Flowers, K.C., going out to bat at the Oval in the Bar v. Clerks match. The Attorney-General made 1 and Mr. John Flowers 73. The Clerks won with 297 to 226

Miss Margaret Mercer-Nairne was helping her mother entertain, and several cousins were in ornamental support, to wit: Lady Rose McDonnell, Lady Barbara Bevan, and Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay. Brains, humour, beauty, and charm were rampant. Mr. Alan Herbert is as agreeable face to face as he contrives to be on paper. Mrs. Harry Graham, one of the nicest people, is the wife of a rival wag; she brought him and a party. Lady Cranborne has a quiet determination which helps her to do everything pretty well. She has now added flying to her list of achievements, and has got her pilot's certificate. It really would be easier to tell you who failed to come. Upstanding figures were Mrs. Robert Jenkinson, still a little lame, Lady Warrender, Miss Nell Ward, and Miss Thetis Wilson. These earn a mention on account of their inches.

Its astonishing how quickly we change the scene at this time of the season. We work so gradually up to the climax of Ascot; immediately afterwards we come down with a bump on to the hard seats of Wimbledon, with its thrills, its massed



gathering of suburbia, its thermos teas (preferable to the endless queues), and its very strictly limited committee-box to which only the highest are bidden. This royal enclosure of Wimbledon is so far more exclusive than any other. Last week, as in how many previous Wimbledon weeks, were to be found there ex-King Manoel and his Queen, who devote this whole fortnight to watching tennis, Princess Helena Victoria and Lady Oxford, who must be regretting the absence of her son, Anthony, now busily engaged directing his Gallipoli film out in Malta.

\* \* \*

I still miss the tall figure and parchment white face of the late Grand Duke Michael, who was another most faithful devotee of Wimbledon. But his elder daughter, Lady Zia Wernher, was there last week. What excitement there was at Ascot, by the way, when her husband's very gallant old warrior, Brown Jack, pulled out for the second time at the meeting, won the Alexandra Stakes on the last day. This makes the third Ascot at which he has scored, and for a few seconds the Royal Enclosure really let itself go in a roar of enthusiasm. One or two other tennis enthusiasts that I caught sight of in the crowd were Kathleen Countess of Drogheda and her piquante and clever young daughter, Lady Patricia Moore, the Rane of Pudukota, and Mrs. Carl Bendix, who is keen enough on the game to try her luck in open tournaments. I saw her with a small party at the Embassy the other night, wearing an amusing red, white, and blue striped frock, which reminded me of Lord Glanely's racing colours.

\* \* \*

With her and her husband were Mrs. Somerset Maugham and Major Keith Menzies. At another table were Captain and Mrs. Richard Norton, and his sister, Miss Kay Norton. Mrs. Norton, with her hair grown almost to her shoulders, looked very lovely, as she can scarcely help doing. Then there was Miss Peggy Joyce, a dazzling figure with her fairness, her white frock

have given her a French appearance and *chic*, as well as a French name, for she looks very much like the Court ladies of the time of Louis XV. Her daughter, Yolande, is slim, attractive, and very smart. The party included Sir Edward and Lady Naylor-Leyland, who possess



Marian Lewis

## MRS. HUMPHREY BUTLER

Whose husband, Major Humphrey Butler, was recently appointed Equerry to Prince George. Mrs. Butler is Lady Howard de Walden's sister and a daughter of the late Mr. Charles Van Raaie of Brownsea Island

two of the most engaging small boys to be found in England, the James Ritchies, and Mr. Dicky Pembroke.

\* \* \*



Arthur Owen

## A NEW SPORTS MODEL

Francis Dashwood, Sir John and Lady Dashwood's son, tries out his latest car with Miss Gloria Curzon as passenger. Lord and Lady Scarsdale's younger daughter is three this year

and her rows of glittering bracelets. One of the biggest parties that night was the one given by Baroness de Belabre, whose blue grey hair was wonderfully well set off by her blue satin dress. Though she is Scotch by birth, being one of the daughters of Sir Robert McAlpine, her marriage seems to

Lord Lonsdale do? The entries are as good as ever this year and let's hope that the audiences will pull themselves together in large numbers. After all, when the plaint was uttered 80,000 people were still trying to leave Aldershot's excellent Tattoo, a formidable counter attraction. However, I can't believe that the Show will disintegrate as long as there is Mrs. Munnings to ride the winners. This she does to perfection, and on the gala afternoon the eye of the best judges was caught with a swallow-tail coat, top-hat, and a bird's-eye spotted bow tie.

\* \* \*

Mrs. John Heseltine was another rider who had original ideas. Hers were thrust upon her by an injury to her jaw, damaged by a dentist, but she cleverly wound the bandages into a turban effect which engaged the attention of the umpires to a winning extent. It was disappointing that the King and Queen could not come to see a British officer win His Majesty's Cup that day. Mr. Talbot-Ponsonby rose very high to the occasion and upheld the honour of Ireland as well as England, for his father was Master of the Kildare Hounds for many years. Looking on were numerous people of understanding. Mrs. Edgar Brassey and her daughter hunt in Beaufortshire; Lady Anne Hunloke was sharing a box with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Philip Fleming, who had several competitors in the show; and Mrs. Simmonds knows all about horses and their possibilities, having been Master of the Tedworth for several seasons.

(Continued on p. 4)



Mabel Robey

## MISS BETTY NUTHALL

A new portrait of a popular young person who, at the time of writing, seems well set for a long innings at Wimbledon. Though some critics assert that Miss Nuthall will never reach world championship honours until she treats tennis as a business rather than a game, it is this very attitude of hers towards it which appeals to the gallery



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

With Chelsea Hospital as my observatory I recently made a study of stars in their forces, my star-gazing being induced by the Theatrical Garden Party. Always a first-



AT NEWBURY: MRS. JOHN FERGUSSON AND LADY POULETT

On the day the Newbury Summer Cup was won by Mr. Mortimer Singer's Paul Carot, on which it is to be noted Freddie Fox put up 3 lb. over weight. Lady Poulett is the mother of the present Earl, who is twenty-one

fizz fishers and Mr. Thesiger's perpetual invitation to ring for drinks. A little further on people were eating strawberries and cream with Miss Ursula Jeans or decimating Miss Peggy Wood's ices, while Miss Fay Compton's cocktails were not dishonoured. There were lots of side shows of a less gastronomic nature, and I gave first prize to *Synchronized Sin*, or *Murdered by the Talkies*, which was staged at the Grand Giggie Theatre. You would have appreciated Sir Gerald du Maurier and Mr. Coward as the Ladies Gwendoline and Ethel, Mr. Clifford Mollison as three mayors, and Mr. Sydney Howard as a crashing colonel, not to mention Miss Binnie Hale and other famous players, who completed the success of this latest addition to the Edgar Wallace collection.

According to advance bookings of gossip Warwickshire's pageant promises marvellously, and the whole county is in a fever of preparation for its *première* in a fortnight's time. Miss Gwen Lally, the producer, insists on silence in the ranks of passing mummers, so John Drinkwater's prologue will tell the tale and describe the nine episodes which stretch from early British days to the reception at Warwick Castle of George IV in 1819. Fantasy also plays its part, as for instance in *Shakespeare's Dream*, in which the characters of his future masterpieces pass before the sleeping boy. That Lady Flower, Sir Archie Flower's wife, is to appear in this episode is a tribute not only to her charming face but also to her splendid work in raising money for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Lady Bird, who brings Queen Elizabeth to life, has had a good deal to do with dressing the pageant, and though the details of her own particular outfit are wrapped in mystery rumour expatiates on its gorgeousness.

Plenty of Warwickshire personalities, in fifteenth-century disguises, will attend the impressive funeral procession of Richard Beauchamp. Among them Lady Feilding and Lady Katherine Drummond and her daughter, also Miss Rosie Dormer, Mrs. Lister-Kaye, and Lady Ilkeston, the chairman of the pageant committee. Various people have lent their horses for Mrs. Basil Hanbury's Civil War episode, so new trials are in store for handy hunters if not for their riders.

Two extra-special charity functions are due to come off next week. One, the Living Poster Ball, is fixed for Tuesday at the Park Lane Hotel, in aid of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital and the Children's Country Holidays Fund. The other is *The Midnight Revue*, two nights later, at the London Pavilion, for the Prince of Wales' personal fund for the British Legion. For this revue Lady Louis Mountbatten has been working untiringly (in spite of the fact that she has been laid up in bed) and as a result the £10,000 needed is well in sight. The attractions include the Guitrys, Miss Norma Terriss, and ten living tableaux representing the Old Masters of Lady Louis' private collection at Brook House.

The Living Poster Ball, will be very modern in comparison, for the designing artists are Mr. Oliver Messel, Mr. Cecil Beaton and Mr. Michael Weight, who designs for Sir Nigel Playfair down at Hammersmith and has just returned from Hollywood. Lady Diana is to head the procession as the figure of Charity. The Jewel Group consists of Mrs. Armstrong-Jones, as Pearl, the Marquise de Casa Maury as Diamond, Mrs. Dudley Ward as Sapphire, and Lady Lavery as Gold, while Emerald, Coral, Ruby, and Turquoise are represented respectively by Lady Ravensdale, Mrs. Peter Thursby, Mrs. James Seely, and Baroness de Forest. The Soap Group contains Lady Moira Combe, Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton, Miss Baba Beaton, and several more pretty young things, and others taking part are Lady Ashley, Mrs. James Beck, Lady Brownlow, and Lady Carlisle. Each group is to present its fat cheques to Lady Diana.

Have you ever seen a silver room? I met my first last week when I went to Madame Assia Gouguel's cocktail party at her new home in Beauchamp Place. Picture to yourself silver walls, ceiling, and curtains, highly-polished steel chairs, and as the only notes of colour one lovely portrait and brilliant pendant cushions on the wall which backed the silver divan. Very modern, of course, and suggesting the German cult in its elimination of superfluities, but the effect was delicious. Madame Gouguel's own particular talent was responsible, and Mr. Ernest Thesiger, as one artist to another, had the nicest things to say about it. He was in his very best form, and other features of this pleasantly cosmopolitan party were M. Serge Lifar; the hostess' sister, Madame Sabline, and her husband, who was Chargé d'Affaires at the Russian Embassy in pre-Soviet days; Madame Fachiri, the violinist; M. R. Prunas from the Italian Embassy; Mrs. Arthur Tilney and her younger son, and Countess Eric Lewenhaupt. M. Lifar, who manages to remain charmingly unspoilt in spite of his terpsichorean triumphs, has lately taken up riding as a further release of energy, and before M. Balanchin went to Germany they were frequent early morning companions in the Row.—Love, EVE.

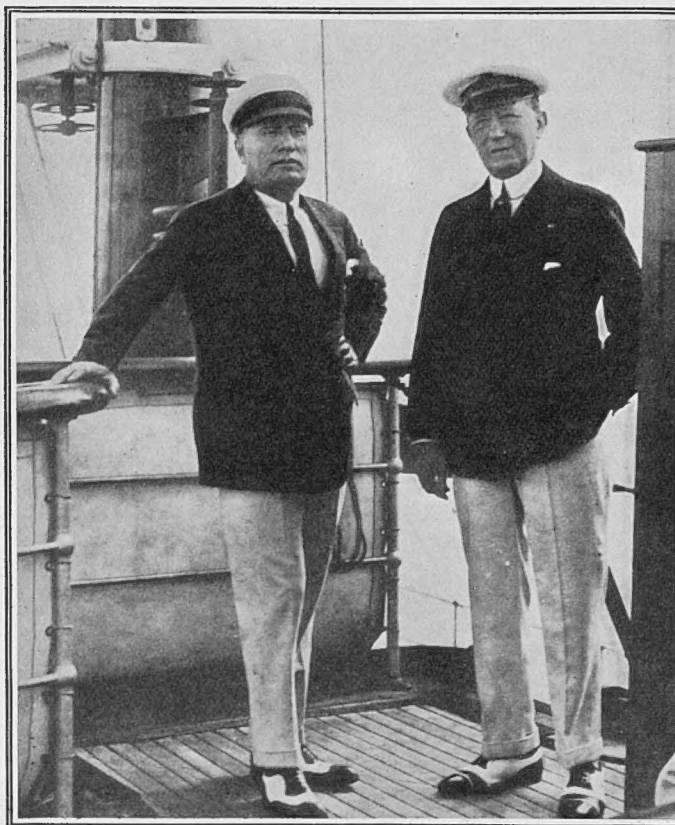


ALSO AT NEWBURY: MRS. MURRAY AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GUY BAINBRIDGE

The weather was summery and sultry at Newbury on Cup Day, and the attendance a big one. Major-General Sir Guy Bainbridge commanded at Aldershot from 1919 to 1923, and had the 25th Division in the War. He was originally in the Buffs



# THE WORLD AT LARGE



MUSSOLINI AND MARCONI ABOARD "ELETTRA"



PRINCESS TAKAMATSU OF JAPAN



LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES MILLER AT ROEHAMPTON



MR. BOBBY JONES AND MR. CYRIL TOLLEY

It is rarely that two such great personalities fall to a right and left by the camera as the great political figure of Italy, Il Duce, and the world's greatest inventor, Marconi. "Elettra," the Marconi yacht, is about the best-named vessel afloat. Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Takamatsu arrived in England last week on a State visit to H.M. the King, the object of which is to bring to His Majesty the Order of the Rising Sun of Japan, a presentation from the Emperor. Prince Takamatsu, who is really on his honeymoon trip, is the Emperor's brother. Lieut.-Colonel Charles Miller, who presides over the destinies of the Roehampton Club, is the brother of the late Lieut.-Colonel Ted Miller, whose deeply regretted death last year is brought poignantly to the memory of many of us at a moment when his old regiment, the 17th Lancers, is about to collect another Inter-Regimental victory. Lieut.-Colonel Charles Miller played for England v. America in 1904. Mr. Bobby Jones, the famous American golfer, who won the British Open and Amateur Championships, and Mr. Cyril Tolley, who is going to America to compete in American championships, left England last Friday



# The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE A Marvellous Film

"THE fate of the balloon," said Dr. Johnson, "I do not much lament; to make new balloons is to repeat the feat again. We now know a method of mounting into the air *and, I think, are not likely to know more.* . . . The first experiment, however, was bold and deserved applause and reward. But since it has been performed and its event is known, I had rather now find a medicine that can ease an asthma." The italics are mine. What would the Doctor have said if he had known that four fliers in a monoplane had left Ireland the night before and were now, as I write, somewhere between Newfoundland and New York. Courage of this type is a kind of thing I find it completely impossible to understand. The tragedy of Segrave is fresh in everybody's mind. Last week a young English motor-racer cheerfully risked his life in an endeavour to make the pace too hot for the leading German car and so make the race safe for another Englishman. Then there is the case of the four young men who, when these lines are in print, will have either perished or have won imperishable renown. Natural poltroon that I am, I can only account for these dare-devils on the assumption that for them no devils exist to be dared. I can understand an organism which knows not fear. The difficulty is to understand putting on one side such an amount of fear as in the normal case would be involved. "Who's afraid? Here goes!" is an intelligible pronouncement. "Who's afraid? I am. Hellishly. And I'm not going!" is another intelligible pronouncement. But to be afraid like hell and still take the plunge. . . . Well, that I suppose is the real definition of heroism, and it is only generous to suppose that at heart this is the stuff of which our heroes are made. People tell me that some definite purpose is served by the projection of masses of ironmongery across sands from one chunk of seaweed to another, upon the bosoms of placid lakes, and through the air. It may be so, just as it was said that the Derby and the St. Leger improve the breed of artillery horses and light vanners. "Thank Heaven," a wit once said, "nobody pretends that gambling improves the breed of cards." I do not believe that when our experimentalists mount into the cockpits of aeroplanes or the driving-seats of racing motor-cars that they care anything at all about accelerating transatlantic transport or increasing the reliability of motor-omnibuses. I believe they do it for the fun of the thing. Take climbers. I do not believe that people climb the Matterhorn to know at what height the chamois can keep itself warm, eggs can still be boiled, or violets blow. I do not believe that any purpose of any kind would be achieved by the conquest of Mount Everest. I believe that these people hang on to avalanches by their eyelashes for the sheer enjoyment they get out of it.

I myself have no head for heights. Mountains terrify me, as do lighthouses, the upper floors of big hotels, every form of human eyrie. I would not inhabit New York, that inferno of the somnambulist, for a Labour Leader's ransom. I cannot even suffer the gallery at the theatre. How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low! Methinks the actors seem no bigger than their heads. I always feel that in some fit of auto-hypnotism, some attack of sheer funk if you will, I shall throw my opera-glasses into the pit and myself after them, in desperate retrieval. Yet climbers' books delight me, and the subject finds me full of lore. I believe I could hold my own in a mountaineer's talk by the mountain-inn fire, that is if I were sure of returning

to town on the following morning. I am as familiar with some of the most famous climbs in the British Isles as though I had been up them. I know the maximum angle at which snow will lie, the etiquette of the mountain, the danger of grass slopes, the difference between the French and English meanings of the word "Alpinist." I read every book about mountaineering that I can get hold of, and yet tremble at the ascent of Snowdon from Llanberis. The spirit is willing; it is the flesh, or at least the nerve-centre controlling fear, which is cowardly. Descents trouble me not at all. I can face with equanimity the coal-mine, the submarine, the downward escalators at our Tube Stations. But I am diffident about the return journey and would rather travel a stage or two beyond, say, to Hampstead, where there is a lift so long that one has time to get friendly with it! *Facilis descensus Avernus* was evidently written by a man with a poor head.

*The White Hell of Pitz Palu* is an astonishing and, to me, wildly terrifying film which I could only sit through by gripping the spectator on either side of me, to the surprise of one and the annoyance of the other. The film began with a story of Mr. and Mrs. Brand who were honeymooning half-way up some unconquered giant. This sounds incredible, though I seem to remember that the greatest of our modern dramatic critics spent his honeymoon in a sleeping-bag on the upper slopes of Mont Blanc. Half-way up Pitz Palu the Brands met a Dr. Krafft who had lost his wife a year earlier when they, too, were on their honeymoon. Next day at dawn the doctor decided that he must now conquer the mountain, and Brand joined him. But does the reader think that Mrs. Brand was going to be left behind? The reader will be wrong, and indeed the grey mare proved to be the best horse in the team. Terrific things happened to the trio who, half-way through the film, were left marooned on a ledge of rock in a blizzard with night descending. Such was the intrepidity of these film-climbers

that they had not a nip of brandy or a nibble of chocolate between them. There we left them freezing to death while we participated in the activities of the search-parties. Let me soberly say that I have never known anything more wildly hair-raising than the efforts of the aviator to drop food to the adventurers and locate their exact position for their rescuers. It would be quite impossible to attempt to describe in words the horror of this little drama, and the immense grandeur and beauty of the setting in which it is enacted. The piece is very well acted, though as there were no programmes I was not able to bring away with me the names of the players or even the title of the producing company. I suppose that the actors were risking their lives throughout, as was also the aviator. But unless there has been some possibility of a fake, which I do not think likely, I imagine that some dozen or so of the photographers must have perished in the recording process! The photography is marvellous throughout, and the picture is one of the most gripping I have ever sat through. The only possible point of criticism is that the accompanying music is tinned, and tinned very vilely. Apart from this the film is mercifully silent, whereby the awesomeness of Nature is preserved and at no time disturbed by the imbecilities of human speech. I saw the film at the Rialto, where it continues for another week or two. I urge every reader of THE TATLER to see what is clearly one of the world's six best silent films.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxviii

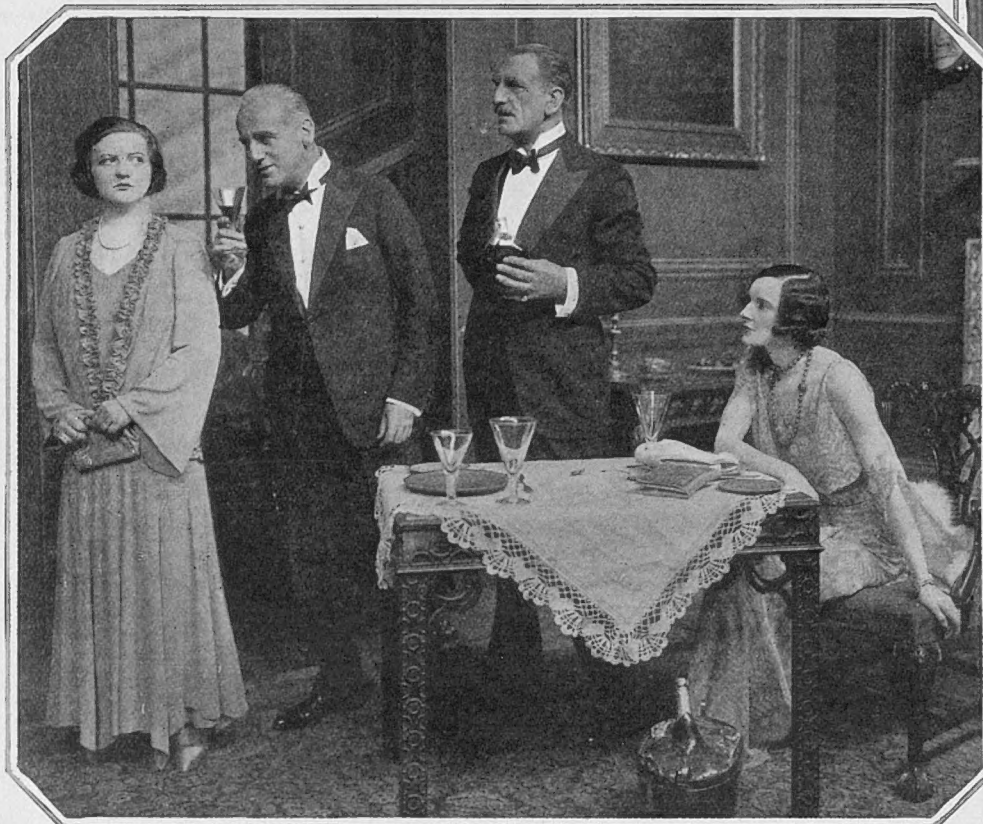


VILMA BANKY AND "SNIFTER" AT MALIBU BEACH

Vilma Banky's latest film, called appropriately to its star "A Lady To Love," has been voted a big success. Vilma Banky's name is Concit and she is a Hungarian, and made her stage debut in Vienna just after she left school



# THE PLAY'S THE THING



"THE WAY TO TREAT A WOMAN": MISS MARION LORNE, MR. GEORGE TULLY, MR. AUBREY SMITH, AND MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT

Stage Photo Co.



IN "BADGER'S GREEN": MISS MAISIE DARRELL AND MR. HORACE HODGES

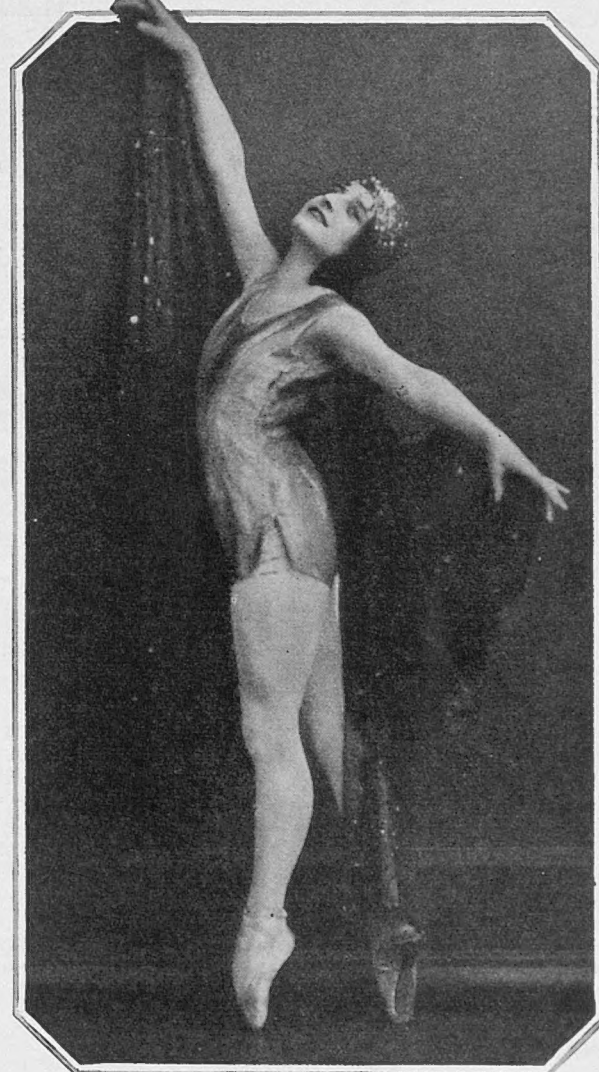
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LINDA DEFEATS SCOTLAND YARD

Stage Photo Co.

Mr. Walter Hackett, thanks in no small measure to Mrs. Walter Hackett (Miss Marion Lorne) has got another convincing success in this play, "The Way to Treat a Woman," which is amusing everyone who goes to the Duke of York's—and everyone ought to go. To see Miss Marion Lorne defeat the united craft of Scotland Yard (Mr. Aubrey Smith), the Paris Surêté (Mr. Ranevesky), America (Mr. George Tully), and Germany (Mr. Antony Holles) is one of those things no one ought to miss. There is a corpse of a diplomat involved, but in spite of this fact the comedy is of the first water, thanks to the lady whom Sir Travers Rycroft (Mr. Aubrey Smith) calls "a little monkey," and promptly decides to marry her. Horace Hodges gives us a delightful study as the old doctor in Mr. R. C. Sherriff's new play, "Badger's Green," at the Prince of Wales—all about how the village cricket club defeats the designs of the villa-residence builder. Miss Noreen Bush, who will take part in the Sunshine Matinée in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies at the Scala Theatre, W., on Tuesday, July 8, will dance a special solo which has been arranged for the occasion by Madame Karsavina



DANCING FOR CHARITY: MISS NOREEN BUSH



# RACING RAGOUT : By "GUARDRAIL"



MAJOR JACKSON AND THE HON.  
MRS. GILBERT GREENALL

At sunny Newbury on Cup day last week. The Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall is the widow of the late Hon. Gilbert Greenall, Lord Daresbury's son, who was killed in a motor accident in 1928. She was formerly Miss Betty Crawford

Tag End will probably beat him. Classic form, as usual, fell with a crash. Horses that have raced hard at Epsom don't come again so soon, though Diolite didn't do badly to run as well as he did in the extraordinary race chosen for him, a five-furlong sprint. The worst reversal of the meeting was the defeat of Walter Gay in the Hardwicke, getting 17 lb. from Alcester. He was no doubt struck into, but one would have expected him to win in a trot even with one castor missing and one leg in the grave.

The way in which the mess was cleared up before racing on Thursday after the storm on Wednesday was marvellous when one considers that there was a lake in the paddock covering half-an-acre into which, inadvertently, Major Mason fell full length when assisting a lady who became all unbalanced. The going was naturally very holding, and the performance of Flying Argosy in the Ribblesdale stamps him as a likely Cambridgeshire winner.

Only two good two-year-olds made their first appearance at the meeting, the French Goyescas and Four Course, so that now one can say the best two-year-olds are Lemnarchus (who for once ran his race right out), Atbara, Jacopo, Goyescas, probably Cameronian and Quadrel if they stand training, and Four Course. Most of these will probably appear at the July meetings at Newmarket and will pay to follow the rest of the season.

One has always heard of the gnawing envy of those who have no enclosure ticket, but seldom has anyone expressed this so grippingly in print as Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., who got all wound up about it in the Sunday papers. But surely it is far far better to have all these peers, admirals, and distinguished soldiers incarcerated on their best behaviour in a railed-in enclosure than handing each other cauliflower ears on the top of charabancs as they apparently do at the more democratic meetings!

Most of the bookmakers at Windsor on the Saturday claimed to have lost money on the Royal meeting, and it was at Windsor after a similar Ascot a few years ago that a gentleman was

Ascot on the whole was not a black week finishing up as it did with three good favourites winning in Paradine, Oak Ridge, and Brown Jack. The latter, who got shut in and had no chance in the Stakes on Tuesday, was beautifully ridden by Stephen Donoghue to win the Alexandra and the pair got a tremendous reception when they came in. Oak Ridge has worked his way up from selling plates to champion sprinter, though on firmer going

asked for a sovereign to give a decent funeral to a ruined bookmaker. "Certainly," he replied, fumbling a fiver out of his fob, "keep the change and bury four more of the perishers." There was not quite the usual crowd at Windsor driven there in Saturday desperation, but the ones who went must have profited by it. Baron de Tuyl's oddly named two-year-old won the Nimble Stakes in a steady half-speed as the market fore-shadowed, and Icarus who ran in the race should be noted as useful and improving. Lord Glanely has come with the deuce of a rush, and Burgee, leaving his previous form in the discards, won on a tight rein.

Sandino, whose prospects also looked unpromising, brought off a double and a big gamble for Mr. Dan Gant. Getting to and from a race meeting near London at this time of year is a problematical business, and the traffic on Saturday evening was appalling.

Streams of cars were going to the Tattoo, where many of them had to spend the night, the week-end traffic, the river traffic, and the Horse Show traffic were all going in the opposite direction, but the climax was running into the first section of a crossing column of 6,000 Church lads when in sight of home. It must be admitted the special has a long way the best of it, more particularly for Brighton, for those who elect to go to this most expensive and deplorable track, so reminiscent of a chamois forest.

Personally I spent a most instructive afternoon in the offices of the London Provincial Sporting News Agency *alias* The Blower, which for the few who do not know is a telephone system from Tattersall's ring through a head office in London to every bookmaker worthy of the name in the British Isles. On this system money is

sent down to the course and information sent back, and for sheer efficiency it would be hard to find its equal. A veritable gold mine. A company have bought it from its inventors, who, starting from a small beginning, have brought it to its present and ever-spreading dimensions. It would be safe to say that without the aid of the money returned to the course by this agency the Totalizator would be in more serious difficulties than it is, and it would seem that it can only be by receiving an even greater volume of S.P. money in this way that the Tote can ever be the success which is claimed it will be. Shares in this concern, if obtainable, are a tip worth two of any racing prophet.



AT NEWBURY: LADY BAINBRIDGE AND  
BRIGADIER-GENERAL HUDSON

Lady Bainbridge, a snapshot of whose husband, Major-General Sir Guy Bainbridge, appears in an earlier page, was formerly Miss Alice Goldie, and is a daughter of Colonel M. Goldie, R.E. Brigadier-General T. R. Hudson has a house near Newbury



## THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO



## THE MEN BEHIND THE SCENES—BY FRED MAY

The amount of really hard staff work behind these wonderful pageants which we call The Aldershot Command Tattoos can only be realized by those who take the trouble to inquire into things. The research into historical detail—the costumes and uniforms alone mean very heavy work—the rehearsals, and perhaps not least of all, the handling of the vast audiences which attend, make up a programme which is extremely formidable. We all know how well it is carried out and how, unless the elements intervene, there is rarely any hitch. General Sir David Campbell, G.O. C.-in-C. Aldershot, has taken a keen personal interest in these Tattoos ever since he has held this Command, and has been ably backed up by the officers and men under him. The last night of the Tattoo was also the last night of Lieutenant C. B. Hewitt's musical career in the Army, but his services will not be lost as he goes to the Military Musical Academy, Kneller Hall





Klein & Peyerl  
THE LEADERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

A group taken in celebration of the Right Rev. C. W. Leadbeater's eighty-second birthday at Adyar, Madras, including Dr. Annie Besant, P.T.S., the Rt. Rev. C. W. Leadbeater, and Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, M.A. (centre). Dr. Annie Besant is eighty-three and married the Rev. Frank Besant in 1867

#### Youthful Indiscretions.

SECRETLY, within ourselves, we are always making fresh beginnings. Nobody, or very few, believe in them. Which is why we keep them to ourselves. We believe in them however, and this to a wise man is all that matters. They make up the only part in life which is really interesting—which is really thrilling. Upon our often hideous mistakes we achieve clarity of vision. Discretion may be the better part of valour, but indiscretion is often the foundation of wisdom. The best kind of wisdom, moreover, which practises toleration and deepens sympathy and understanding. The person who some time in his life has never fallen badly is usually the person to avoid if one would seek succour in a human fellowship which means anything at all in human brotherhood. In his new novel, "Little Green Apples" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), Mr. Geoffrey Moss makes his hero fall very badly. He slips into one of the unforgivable offences. He is kept by a woman. But he was very young at the time, so I don't suppose it will make the least difference to his soul's progress. He was a decent chap, however; educated at the University to no practically useful purpose apart from golf, and not having enough brains to rectify such an educational disadvantage he followed the line of ease and comfort. He took an engagement offered him by the syndicate which was trying to make one of the more obscure Riviera seaside villages fashionable, the while it made money for itself by taking visitors "in." His own special department in this polite fraudulency was the golf course. There wasn't a golf course really. Only a series of nine holes amid rocks, bracken, and undergrowth. But there was an hotel with a palm court and a jazz band in the season. It attracted a certain crowd, semi-fashionable and mostly undesirable. Little Green Apples, for that was the hero's nick-name on account of his chubby youthfulness, was drawn into this crowd as part of the town's attractions. He hadn't got enough to live on and live in it as the crowd lived, and so gradually he drifted into debt from which he was rescued by an ageing *demi-mondaine* who had done very well at her profession in the past. She was still beautiful, still attractive, but she had reached that somewhat boring age, so devastating to the woman who allows herself to be submerged by it—the age when a woman, once admired, believes that there can be no further beginnings in all life once she has

## With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

struck forty-nine. She loved Little Green Apples because he was young, and because, by helping him financially, she mistook his gratitude for a requited passion. Unfortunately Little Green Apples discovered that the other gigolos immediately welcomed him as one of themselves. There is nothing quite so disturbing as being accepted by sinners as a gay participator in sin. A contented viciousness is even duller company than a self-satisfied virtue. When a nice girl came along and Little Green Apples fell decently in love with her, vice rose up as a past viciousness always does, to be a menace in his life just when, being thoroughly disgusted by it, he was longing to rise on a stepping-stone of a former foolishness to a greater dignity. But Little Green Apples was only a gigolo by circumstances—not by preference. He did not require, as I heard a young man require when last I visited a big store in Oxford Street, that even his vests should be so cut as to show off his figure. He was good-natured and weak, but he wasn't a blathering ninny. So he had the good sense to tell the girl all about his past mistakes, and she, also having good sense, did not faint at the revelation. She simply forgave him to the extent of not becoming his wife—at least for the time being. So Little Green Apples returned to England to begin his start in life all over again and to begin it wiser. It is a light, readable story about a lot of worthless people who, however, have the virtue of being rather amusing company.

#### Thoughts from "Little Green Apples."

"What a magnificent period for gossips this must be. With the wider scope for what is permissible to discuss, there is just twice as many suggestions you can make against a man's or woman's moral reputation."

"London is full of girls who expect the man to treat them to the longest dinner and the dearest wines, when every other night of their lives they dine off buns."

"The wages of sin are boredom."

"Most people are too serious about their sins—and heaven knows they are serious enough about their virtues."

"Wisdom is reasoning added to knowledge of good and evil."

"The tragedy of the young actress is that she does not know how to leave the stage; the tragedy of the old actress is that she does not know when to."

#### The English Novel.

Via a very interesting and appreciative treatise on the literary work of Mr. Hugh Walpole, Miss Clemence Dane, in "Tradition and Hugh Walpole" (Heinemann. 6s.), has written a description of the development of the English novel from Elizabethan times to the present day, as the symbolical Gentle Reader has throughout wildly approved of the samples. And his great approval has always been reserved for romance with more than a touch of real humour, and also with a disturbing hint at the "horrors." Let an author write a good story embodying only one of these qualities and his reputation is for the time being made. Let him successfully combine all three, and his work will almost certainly be ranked among the classics. It is necessary, however, that it should be something more than merely "good enough" in at least one



Raphael  
MR. CHARLES GRAVES

The author of a recent lightsome book which he has entitled "And the Greeks," which recounts adventures in the Bright Young haunts of the West-End, Deauville and other places on the map of the world of fashion

(Continued on p. 12)



## A LEG BYE! By George Belcher



Mrs. Moggs: I never thought to see you again, Mrs. Willett

Mrs. Willett: Nor me neither, Mrs. Moggs, with one foot in the grave; but the doctor 'anged on like grim death to t'other and 'ad 'is own way



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

of the three essentials. Even the post-war Gentle Reader still sticks to the same ideals, though in theory he despised the established pattern. As Miss Dane writes: "To be stationary is to be standardized; and he has learned, by means of the war and the peace after war a horror of standardization. He is himself a victim of standardization. He is standardized, in fact, by his very terror of standardization. He hates war, not only because of its horrors. He hates it for its virtues. For war disciplines the individual; and the modern individual is afraid of discipline because discipline finds him out. If he is lacking in individuality, discipline will and does standardize him." Yet, although he seeks in his fear to destroy standardization, he puts up nothing in its place; and so, within his heart of hearts still adheres to the old shrines. Thus the "appeal" of Edgar Wallace was also the "appeal" of Mrs. Radcliffe, and the old worshipper of Scott is revived in the modern worshipper of Stanley Weyman and the kind of plays which Fred Terry and Julia Neilson exploit so profitably. It is not a new theory, perhaps, but Clemence Dane writes so well, so shrewdly, with humour on occasion and with wit, that you turn over each page of her book anticipating delight and always being delighted. It is a bookman's book maybe, but it is also a book which merely the semi-bookish can enjoy; while admirers of Mr. Hugh Walpole will be specially interested in it.

Thoughts from "Tradition and Hugh Walpole."

"The most illuminating fact about any woman is the tally of her lovers! Just so, the most revealing fact about any writer is his following of readers."

"Youth must express itself or die, and destruction cannot express itself. Destruction is a herd instinct; construction is the impulse of the individual."

"Youth, of course, enjoys iconoclasm, which is but a grander name for immaturity's passion for a bonfire in the quad."

"Nothing kills so swiftly as laughter; it is the frost which nips the creative shoots which stills the spring song."

"Sentiment is always constructive; sentimentality merely decorative."

An Excellent Love-Story.

"Mary Simmel's *Marrying*" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), by Margaret Baillie-Saunders, is an excellent example of what a clever and experienced writer can do with material which, on the face of it, is by no means novel. It doesn't matter how familiar may be the twists and turns of the plot so long as the characters who are twisted and turned by it are real individuals cleverly portrayed, and do not belong to that tuppence-coloured hierarchy who love and hate and live entirely between the volumes of the Housemaid's Bedside Bookcase. So when I tell you that this novel turns on a will which contains the proviso that the heroine, who inherits a fortune and a mill, shall do so only on the condition that she retains the services of the

manager, you will likely cry, "Of course she marries him in the end!" Just so. But let me tell you that Mrs. Baillie-Saunders, who knows how to tell a good tale as well as any popular writer, and better than some, embroiders her theme in such a way that the inevitable ending is not only credible but life-like. Simmel was the name given to the heroine because she was born on Mothering Sunday. When her mother died the girl went later on to live with her stepmother Felicity, or Flitta, as her men friends called her, in a Pimlico boarding-house. It was while living there that she received the news that an old uncle had died, leaving her his fortune on the condition that she retained the services of Jude Herfast as manager. Jude had been the testator's life-long friend. Everybody was pleased

except Flitta, who associated old mills with rats and damp and domestic odiousness. Simmel, on the other hand, was overjoyed. The main portion of the story concerns the stormy loves of Simmel and Jude, and these are dramatically done. Variety, too, is added by a kind of companion picture which includes Simmel's London friends, and the contrast between the quiet life of the country and the socially jollier existence of the town. The two make a really interesting and well-written story, peopled by people who are real, and made up of incidents which are possible. Altogether a very readable novel indeed.

Another War Story.

The great virtue of Mr. H. E. L. Mellersh's war story "*Ill Wind*" (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) is that it is entirely free from any personal prejudices — either against the higher command, officers in general, sergeant-majors in particular, or anything else. It contains no really vulgar expressions, unnecessarily inserted in order to give local "war-colour," and there is no brothel-visiting. It is in fact a very sane but very readable effort to depict the tragic experiences of the war as they formed and developed the character of a youth who joined the Third Lancashires, fought in France, and came out comparatively safely with three wounds. The scenes in camp, in hospitals, and in the trenches are particularly well done. The character-studies, too, are excellent. It differs, however, from most stories with a similar background, because apart from the author's effort to paint the war as it actually was, it treats it chiefly as an experience which helped to form and develop the character of a youth who went through it during youth's most impressionable years. Certainly a more restful and perhaps a more psychologically important aspect of it than most war stories have revealed. Briefly it is realistic without being hauntingly awful and depressing. The awfulness and the depression are there, of course, but they are leavened by sanity and a sense of humour.

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We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "*The Friends of the Poor*" on p. xxviii of this issue



ITALO MONTEMEZZI

By Autori

Italo Montemezzi is one of the greatest composers of modern Italian music, and his opera, "*L'Amore Dei Tre Re*," was presented at Covent Garden last Monday. Autori, Montemezzi's "pourtrayer," appears in one of the principal parts as one of the three kings



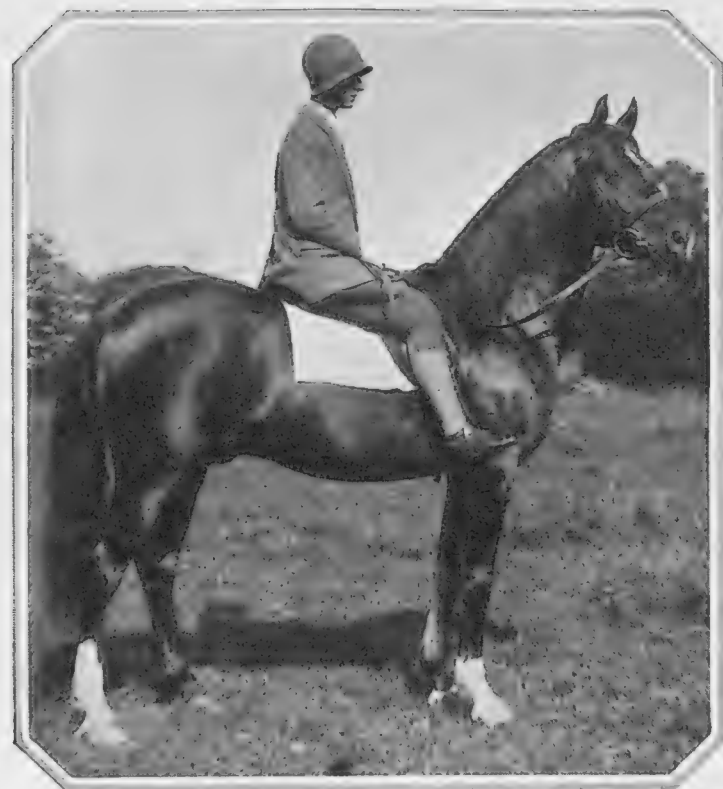
# IN THE NEWS OF THE DAY



H.M. KING ALFONSO AND THE DUCHESS OF PEÑARANDA.  
AT HURLINGHAM



WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP: LIEUT. J. A. TALBOT-PONSONBY  
AND "CHELSEA"



IN TIPPERARY: MRS. E. M. CARROLL ON HER  
ARAB, "RADI"



IN THE ROW: MRS. CROCKER, SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN, AND  
MISS DUVEEN (MOUNTED)

His Majesty the King of Spain, who is on one of his most welcome periodical visits to this country, went to Hurlingham to see the Championship Cup tie between the Duke of Peñaranda's team, El Gordo (holders), and the Old Etonians, when the latter somewhat surprisingly won a scrappy sort of game by 8 to 6. At Olympia this year in the jumping for the King George V. Gold Cup, England got "a double," as Lieut. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, 7th Hussars, won on "Chelsea," and Lieut. Brian Johnson-Ferguson, Lanarkshire Yeomanry, was second on "Peter." Mrs. E. M. Carroll of Rocklow Fethard, Co. Tipperary, is the only lady in Ireland who breeds Arab horses. "Radi," the horse she is riding, is a winner of three prizes and reserve champion for Kellogg Gold Cup at Richmond Show last year. Mrs. Carroll is well known with the Tipperary Hounds, of which her father, Mr. Richard Burke, is a former master. Sir Joseph Duveen is the famous art connoisseur, and was snapped with his daughter and Mrs. Crocker in the Row on a sunshiny morn



MISS EDITH WEBB *Chas. E. Brown*

Who has recently taken her "A" certificate. A snapshot at the Hanworth Air Park last week

was almost too thrilling to be pleasant. He did the longest delay parachute drop yet seen in public in this country. He jumped from a Puss Moth piloted by Mr. Hope and fell about 1,200 ft. before opening his parachute, turning slowly over in the air, while everyone on the aerodrome and in the surrounding country literally held their breath. Mr. Quilter, who was in the Grenadier Guards, also took third place in the landing competition in his Moth. Last year he won this competition, which was inaugurated in memory of Mr. G. Madocks. The rest of the flying was on a level, which seemed to me to be higher than at any other pageant even including the Andover display which I had been down to see the day before. There were Flight-Lieuts. R. L. R. Atcherley and Stainforth, and there was an astounding exhibition of crazy flying, the best I have seen, by Flight-Lieut. J. D. Armour. The winner of the Madocks Cup was Mr. A. V. C. Douglas of the Scots Guards, with Mr. J. K. Mathew of the Irish Guards second. Major-General Corkran, President of the Club, presented the prizes.

#### Light Light Aeroplanes.

Sir W. Sefton Brancker introduced the Robinson Redwing to the public at Croydon recently. It is a genuinely light light aeroplane with side-by-side seating selling at £575. No machine has a more interesting specification either from the point of view of the man who has just taken up flying or for the one who has been flying so long that he has lost the desire to be aeronautically dashing. The Redwing's specification was due to Captain P. G. Robinson and its design to Mr. Kenworthy, who was responsible, among many other types, for the Austin

## AIR EDDIES : *By* OLIVER STEWART

### Household Brigade.

I have never seen a better air pageant than that held by the Household Brigade Flying Club, whose secretary is Mr. R. L. Preston, at Heston Aerodrome. Mr. R. Quilter provided a thrill which

machine of about 1922, which also had side-by-side seating. The first things to notice are the wide track, long travel under-carriage, and the low landing-speed. The landing-speed is about 30 m.p.h. but the top speed has been kept up at well over 90 m.p.h. Consequently this aeroplane is a touring machine which can cover the ground quickly enough whatever the wind, yet which in an emergency can be put down in a tennis court without the slightest danger. It is more economical to run than most cars and so far as can be gathered from first impressions it handles well.

### King's Cup.

Last year I was able to spot the winner of the King's Cup race, but this year it is impossible to predict with any confidence what is going to happen. First of all, the handicaps are not out at the time of writing, and second, there are more evenly matched aeroplanes entered for the race than on any previous occasion. Other things being equal, it seems safer to prefer a well-tried aeroplane and engine to a new type. Undoubtedly we all hope that Atcherley and Stainforth will win in the Segrave Meteor. After Sir Henry's death at Windermere there could be no more fitting requiem, and none which he would have liked better than a victory for the aeroplane he designed in the King's Cup race. We may be certain that his spirit will be

with that machine, and that the wishes of every man and woman who follows the race will go with it. But it is a new type, and it embodies many unusual features. I doubt if it can win. Then there are the Puss Moths, also new to the race but with a good deal of practical flying experience behind them, and manned by some of the finest pilots in the world. Captains Barnard, Hope, Broad, and De Havilland are flying Puss Moths, and so are Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston, Mr. A.

S. Butler, Flight-Lieut. E. G. Hordern, Mr. M. H. Finlay, and Miss D. C. Guest. The Puss Moth has a good chance of winning. But against it must be put the three Hermes Avians, one

flown by Mr. S. A. Thorn. This is a well-tried machine and a sturdy machine, a kind made for winning races, a genuine sports model aeroplane with good view, good controls, and high performance. Mr. Thorn (to adopt the non-committal phraseology of the expert tipster) will take a great deal of catching. But running through the list of one hundred entries again one is checked by two which will be among the most popular: the Hawker Tomtit, entered by the Prince of Wales and flown by Squadron-Leader Don, and the Hawk Moth, entered by Prince George and flown by Flight-Lieut. Fielden. The Hawker Tomtit has a reputation for speed and handiness, and Squadron-Leader Don has an even greater reputation for accurate cross-country flying. On the hardest estimate of the

(Continued on p. xxiv)



THE KENT GLIDING CLUB

Some of the intrepid members, including Messrs. Kiel, Banks, Silling, Haynes, Lowe-Wylde (designer and constructor of the club's glider), Miss Hunt, Miss Sharp, Mr. Jay, Mr. Walters (who gives the members dual-control instruction on his Gipsy Moth), and Mr. Sanguinetti



MR. LOWE-WYLDE IN FLIGHT ON A GLIDER

A recent demonstration flight at the Kent Gliding Club. Mr. Lowe-Wylde designed and constructed this machine, and he and Mr. Haynes, another member, have been to Germany, where they have studied the German methods. This club claims to be the first in England to build a glider and get it into the air. Dr. Whitehead Reid is the President of the club and the owner of a Widgeon plane





MISS JULIETTE COMPTON

*By Olive Snell*

Miss Juliette Compton, the famous American film-actress and former Ziegfeld Folly, has signed a five-year contract with Paramount Films, and consequently will be kept extremely busy picture-making. She was a big success in "Nell Gwynn," and more recently still in the film version of Mr. Edgar Wallace's crook story, "The Ringer." In private life Miss Compton is Mrs. Frank Bartram





# THE WORLD'S LADY TENNIS CHAMPION—SO FAR!



MRS. HELEN WILLS-MOODY—HER  
LATEST PORTRAITS

If the pathway to success in the Ladies' Lawn Tennis Championship at Wimbledon were considered fairly plain sailing before recent occurrences, it is now so far as can be seen quite open, for both Mrs. Holcroft-Watson, who took five games off the holder in the Wightman Cup, and Señorita de Alvarez are out of the singles, and both unhappily on medical advice. Helen Wills, as her public still prefers to call her, is in better form than ever, and it will be some sort of a miracle if she happens to get beaten







Peter Nor. 11

MADAME LUDMILLA PITOËFF

Whose wonderful artistry in Mr. Shaw's "St. Joan," produced in French, and Dumas' "La Dame Aux Camélias" in the recent productions at the Globe Theatre have revealed her to London as an emotional actress of the highest rank. Madame Pitoëff is an actress of the Duse School in that she believes that the part is made for the player and not the player for the part

**T**RÈS CHER,—What delightful evenings we have enjoyed despite the storms, dining in the Bois this week. I may weep—being a faithful (some might call it old-fashioned) soul—because l'Ermitage de Longchamps is no more, but Armenonville and the Château de Madrid, gorgeously and beautifully—two terms that are rarely synonymous as they are in this case—illuminated by the light wizard, Jaccopozzi, are still there to console me. It is pleasant to raise the dust of the dancing floor in the open air again after so many stifling winter nights passed in the confined spaces of Le Grand Ecart, the *enfants terribles* of that new place in the rue d'Amsterdam, "Monseigneur's," which is all the more *en vogue* because more expensive, scrummier, and slower-of-service than any other at the moment. The last and first time I was there I saw the Philippe Berthelots and the Léon Volterras wait three-quarters of an hour before they could get served. I've often wondered where Simone Volterra learned to cultivate the patience that she shows with the slow-footed *figurantes* when rehearsing her husband's productions at Marigny. Now I know. She is hard at it just now, for *Madame de Pompadour* is giving place to a revue in a few weeks' time as being a more fitting entertainment for the summer tourists than Fall's operetta. It will please Parisians also if the star we are promised materializes, Irene Bordoni, of all greatly-loved strangers. Irene Bordoni, whom we have not seen in Paris since before the flood—or, in another word, the War. Bordoni, who made her dee-but at the Capucines at the same time as our one and only Spi, and how they did tread on each other's extremities to be sure, and who never quite came to her own in Paris till she went to New York, and thence to Hollywood, if I may be allowed the Irishism. I was never good at geography. It will be nice to see her again otherwise than on the screen or in the pages of a fashion journal. She still sticks to her funny little 1908 coiffure—fringe, coil, comb, and all—which has a decided chic of its own. After all, if one only waits long enough, fashions always "come round again" . . . even in tombstones.

I went to a rather jolly cocktail party given by Jane Renouardt at the Zig-Zag on Sunday afternoon to celebrate the hundredth performance of Rip's delightful revue, *Le Temps qui Court*. There were many pleasant, coloured liquids in glasses little and big that clinked refreshingly, an amusing cabaret entertainment on the tiny stage and a ditto stage crowd off it. That ineffable dame, Blanche de Paussac, the mind-reader, was

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

down on the programme. She certainly creates amazing wonderment . . . yet goodness knows we ought to be used to her. I remember, as in a dream, a foggy, foggy dream, seeing her performance in the bourgeois drawing-room of the sedate hotel my mother used to patronize at the Mont-Doré when I was a very small brat. No! It was not quite the crinoline period, my pet, but I confess to the leg-o-muttony! Anyway there it is, and if I have aged Madame de Paussac has NOT! Her repartee beats for rapidity the volleys of the quickest American duettists. A few weeks ago she assured a "tall, slim, dark, young man" amongst her audience that he would "shortly become king"! This was on one of the last occasions on which Carol (sorry, but we really can't give him a handle in Paris), roamed about the town as a Mere Ordinary. As a matter of fact, *le Paris qui s'amuse* (though does it really?) saw a good deal less of him than usual last winter. He was at the *répétition générale* of Jacques Deval's clever comedy, *Etienne*, at the Théâtre St. Georges some time about the end of March, but I don't think I've seen him in public since then. That night he was with his usual satellites, including the beautiful Roumanian actress Elvire Popesco (whose latest quarrel with her favourite dramatist, Louis Verneuil, is reported as "really definite"! ). By the way how lucky it is for Prince Danilo, ex-of Montenegro, that he won his case—he had sued the *Merry Widow* film producers for damages—before King Carol returned to the Royal and Narrow Path of Duty. It would have given the Movie Folk such a good argument that Truth is stranger even than the Philums, *n'est ce pas?*

I have just been given, blessings a-many on the head of the donator, Sacha Guitry's splendid biography of his father, Lucien Guitry (edited by Gerschel, rue de Prony). A volume

to treasure for ever. Not only because it is a beautifully edited affair with photographs innumerable of Guitry at all ages, illustrating the life story of the greatest of actors, but also because it shows us the real Sacha who, for once, has entirely forgotten his ego and has only one thought—that of perpetuating his father's memory, and telling us very simply and very lovably what a simple and lovable great man his father was. I expect this book will be sold in London during the Guitry season, for I believe an English edition is to be issued, but of the original edition in French there are only a few left. His Majesty King George is to be asked to accept a specially printed *exemplaire*.—PRISCILLA.



"LA MERI"

The wonderful dancer who has astonished Paris by her versatility at her first visit after a very successful tour in Central Europe. "La Meri" is a "hundred-per-cent American," and is well known for her two clever books, "The Star Roper" and "Mexican Moonlight," also for her "Poems of the Plains," which she published under her family name of Russell Meriweather Hughes





MISS NORMA SHEARER IN "THE DIVORCÉE"

This all-talking film, which was based on Miss Ursula Parrott's novel, "The Ex-Wife," was on for a run at the Empire a short time ago and was a great personal success for Miss Norma Shearer. It is the story of an up-to-date young New York wife who, finding that her husband is unfaithful, determines to pay him back in his own coin, with unfortunate results to herself. Miss Norma Shearer, however, manages to get all the sympathy for the lady as the husband is presented to us as something quite beyond the pale in outsiders. Miss Norma Shearer's next big film is "Let Us Be Gay." She is a Canadian and is rated one of the most beautiful women on the film stage. In private life she is Mrs. Irving Thalberg



# The Household Brigade Flying Club



A GROUP AT HESTON: MISS AVERIL SMITH, LADY HALL, COLONEL HEYWOOD, AND SIR DOUGLAS HALL



MRS. ALAN SWINTON AND LORD PORTARLINGTON



MR. AND MRS. T. H. GRAYSON



THE HON. MRS. INIGO FREEMAN-THOMAS AND MRS. JOHN FIELDEN



MR. HORNBY AND LADY DASHWOOD

The big thrill of the Household Brigade Flying Club's Meeting at Heston was the "delay parachute" drop by Mr. R. Quiller of the Grenadier Guards. It was in the nature of a surprise item, and held everyone breathless, because at first it was feared that something had gone wrong; but after dropping 500 ft. the parachute opened and Mr. Quiller landed quite safely in a ploughed field. Colonel C. P. Heywood, who is in the group at the top, commands the Coldstream Guards and Regimental District, and Sir Douglas Hall is a major in that regiment. Mrs. Allen Swinton, who is with Lord Portarlington, late Irish Guards, is the wife of Major A. H. C. Swinton, Scots Guards. Mr. Grayson is in the Irish Guards. The Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas was Miss Maxine Forbes-Robertson. Lady Dashwood is the wife of Sir John Dashwood, who is the premier baronet of Great Britain



# SEEING MOST OF THE GAME

Polo Occasions at Ranelagh



SIT AT EASE: HOW LADY RAVENSDALE DID AUDIENCE TO THE RECENT ENGLAND v. THE REST MATCH AT RANELAGH



STANDING BY: MR. KENNETH ASHTON, OF THE GOULBURN TEAM WITH MISS L. WILLIAMS



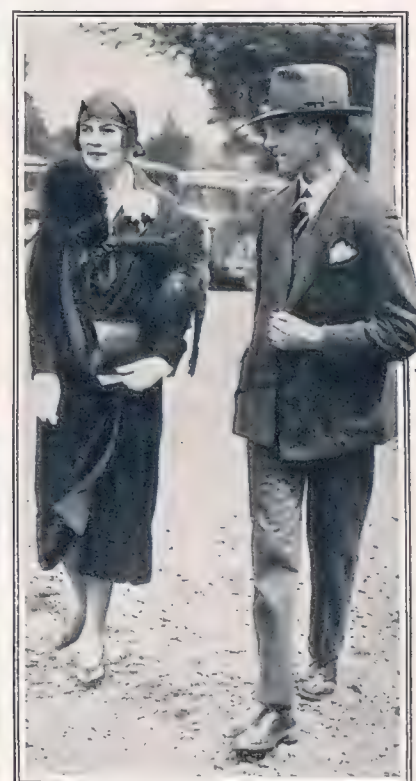
THE DUCHESS DE DELVADA AND MR. MELHUSH EN ROUTE TO WATCH THE ENGLAND TRIAL MATCH



A RACE ALONG THE BOARDS: MR. R. M. BELL (GOULBURN) AND COL. HURNDALL (MIXED GRILL)



MORE LOOKERS-ON: THE MARQUIS AND MARQUISE DE PORTAGO



MRS. MAURICE KINGSCOTE AND CAPTAIN W. S. MCCREERY

A big crowd was present at Ranelagh for the England v. The Rest match, at which four of these pictures were taken. This was the sixth International trial to be played, and after the fifth chukker, when the score was 4-4, a new formation was tried, Mr. L. Lacey returning to his former position of back, and Mr. Aidan Roark playing No. 1. The result was very heartening, England winning by 8 to 4. The other match with which this page is concerned was Goulburn's encounter with Mixed Grill in the semi-final round of the Invitation tournament. The redoubtable Australian team, for which Mr. R. M. Bell was playing in place of Mr. Kenneth Ashton, went their winning way, and on the Saturday followed up their Witney Cup victory by defeating the Cavaliers in a most thrilling final. Colonel Hurndall, the No. 2 of Mixed Grill, played for England in 1924. Captain W. S. McCreery was playing for Bridge House in the other semi-final tie of the Invitation tournament. The Marquis de Portago's Los Piratas team were recently beaten by the 17/21st Lancers in the final of the Roehampton Cup



# THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Command  
to Love," at  
Daly's Theatre



MISS YVONNE ARNAUD AND MR. RONALD SQUIRE

Manuela, the wife of the War Minister of Tierra di Buena Esperanza, and Gaston Marquis du Saint Lac, the military attaché from Nullepart, who while most willing to oblige his Ambassador by making love to this attractive lady for political reasons, is peculiarly cramped in his style by the jealousy of the Ambassador's own wife

THE command to love the theatre on a summer night of apoplexy, when all that part and parcel of the stalls situated beneath the dress-circle, and all that uncomfortable mess-uage of the human anatomy hampered by a boiled shirt and a stiff collar set one thinking of monsoons in Mandalay or siroccos in Stamboul, is hard to obey. "Even if it were funny it wouldn't be good" sums up one's mental attitude to some sparkling trifle which, under less tropical conditions, would cheat the surreptitious yawn and woo the frequent smile. Perhaps I am peculiarly sensitive to excessive warmth and, unlike those people who only feel really fit when bathed in a steady perspiration, should wilt into a pool of grease after two hours in the Malay jungle. No Turkish bath open day and night has ever lured me inside. In hot weather I am all things to all mosquitoes. When playing golf in blazing sunshine flies follow me by the thousand. Heat is bad enough, but the effect of thunder is positively mesmeric. In a theatre it is fatal. The stage voices come to me from a great distance. Ten thousand tons of invisible thermogene seem to be pressing down on my throbbing head. My collar tightens. I hear the sound of distant laughter. I ought to be laughing too. I open my mouth. Nothing happens. I forget to shut it, and am faintly conscious of looking like a goldfish only redder. If only someone would bring a glass bowl and drop me in, I would smile my thanks as I sank to the bottom. Shall I ever forget one sweltering night in the Everyman at

MR. F. CULLEY

As the Ambassador from the Republic of Nullepart, who is the real cause of all the trouble because when he directs the Marquis du St. Lac (Mr. Ronald Squire) to make love to the lovely wife of the War Minister of Tierra di Buena Esperanza he does not know that the gentleman is held as in a vice by his own wife (Miss Isobel Elsom)

Hampstead? The play was, I think, Ibsen's *The Doll's House*. I was debating whether to faint first and then go home or to go home and then die, when somebody in a fur coat warmed his hands at the fire for the second time and murmured what a bitter night it was even for Christmas Eve. I fancy I saw snow on his boots.

Daly's, I hasten to say, is no hotter than most other theatres when London is in the grips of a succession of that particular type of thunderstorm which insists on converting the second day of Ascot into any day of Henley. The air, as I strive to write, is still heavier than lead and damper than dew. Six clouds have burst already, but it is no cooler. I shall read in to-morrow's paper that a postman and his bicycle were fatally lacerated by lightning on the village green of Little Fairings, Essex. That a fire-ball descended on a goat at Great Gimble (Essex). That one-and-half inches of rain fell during the night on the Lot's Road power station; and that cricket, as usual, was washed out at Manchester. Meanwhile . . .

It may have been the heat coupled with the personal symptoms previously recorded, but *The Command to Love*, or such of this three-act comedy by Rudolf Lothar and Fritz Gottwald, adapted by Herman Bernstein and Brian Marlow, and revised for the English stage by Bernard Merivale, as penetrated my stifled senses, seem to bear some resemblance to the atmosphere within and without. There were long moments of suspended animation when things promised to happen but didn't. There were thunderous rumblings of anticipation and just a few illuminating flashes. One sat and waited; one looked and one listened. Speaking for myself, the command to love, until the second Act arrived, sounded suspiciously like the command to sleep.



The air was sultry with intrigue. Act I was the dulllest I have ever gasped through. A number of minor characters began it by jabbering to each other about a military attaché in one of those salons to be found halfway between the ballroom and the buffet in any properly conducted play about Ruritania. Fortunately most of these superfluous guests beat a hurried retreat to the conservatory or the supper-room, and even more fortunately, were not seen again. The Minister of the Republic of Nullepart was giving a ball to the élite of Tierra di Buena Esperanza. I shall get these names wrong in a minute, but no matter. The Marquis du Saint Lac, Military Attaché to the Embassy of Norazembla ought to have been dancing and flirting all evening with the bits and pieces of Tiara di Braganza Esperanto. Which, for Mr. Ronald Squire, was strange, and again, wasn't, seeing that one so theatrically addicted to the squiring of dames may, or may not, have his reasons. Mr. Squire's reason was Miss Isobel Elsom, or rather Marie Anne, wife of the Ambassador of Nonsuch.

Now the Ambassador and the Minister were very upset at the Marquis' backwardness in coming forward as a diplomatic Don Juan. Mr. Squire had been specially selected for the post as a lady-killer of unexampled technique. Diplomacy in these neighbouring States was not merely a matter of Petticoat Influence. It was incomplete without the Tyranny of Trousers. The fame of the Attaché had gone before him, and the spinsters of Esmeralda were all-of-a-twitter, while the wives could scarcely conceal their excitement at the prospect of being unfaithful to their husbands. Imagine their chagrin when the Marquis ignored them en masse. Imagine the just indignation of the Ambassador of Nowhere (Mr. Frederick Culley) at so grave a dereliction of duty.

A treaty between the republics hung in the balance. The only obstacle was the Minister of War (Mr. H. R. Hignett). Mars threatened, but Venus offered hope. The War Minister was under the thumb of his wife, Manuela (Miss Yvonne Arnaud). Mr. Squire must make love to Miss Arnaud and establish an *entente cordiale*. Manuela would do the rest. But Mr. Squire was in an awkward predicament. He was knee-deep in a desperate affair with none other than the wife of his own Minister. The lady was infernally jealous. She threatened to hand over his letters to her husband at the first sign of desertion.

Continental thinking, these dilemmas are full of irony. Here we have one middle-aged husband thwarted by the lover of his own wife and another, equally obtuse, applying to



MR. R. H. HIGNETT

As the War Minister of Tierra di Buena Esperanza and the husband of Manuela (Miss Yvonne Arnaud), whom the wicked Ambassador from Nullepart believes may be induced to impart official secrets if suitably made love to by the Nullepart Military Attaché (Mr. Ronald Squire)



MISS ISOBEL ELSOM AND MR. RONALD SQUIRE

The Military Attaché endeavouring to prevent the Ambassador's jealous wife from handing over his love letters to an unsuspecting husband. Mrs. Ambassador is furious when the Attaché "vamps" Mrs. War Minister to secure the signing of an important treaty

the same lover for the medal of some international order of chastity on behalf of the dutiful spouse who at that very moment is concealed in the gentleman's bedroom.

As a lesson in seduction Act II is instructive. Mr. Squire's sly assault and battery are flawless in technique and execution. Miss Arnaud's resistance with surrender amid disconcerting interruptions—her rival on the telephone, then the Minister in person, then (how shocking) her own husband—distills all the most evasive essences of feminine approach and retreat. It is well that one is more conscious of her spell-binding insouciance than of all the blatancy of *double entendre* and those deliberately-donned pyjamas. Handled with less tact and humour by artists of lesser subtlety and charm, this episode might inflict several twinges on the censor's conscience. In any case it is the peg on which the play's fate hangs.

Act III is more talk, with variations on the triumph of wifely infidelity over husbandly ignorance. Undercurrents and subterfuge abound. The pyjamas and all they implied have worked the oracle. The Marquis is in luck. The Ambassador, intervening at the critical moment, had cancelled the orders affecting Manuela. It seemed that the War Minister would be forced to resign, and was therefore not worth worrying about. But with Manuela waiting in the next room, duty was now a pleasure. The Marquis, at the risk of ruining his career, refused to cry halt. Now all was plainer sailing. The War Minister had not resigned, and impressed by Manuela's eloquence, had signed the treaty. The Ambassador was about to make a fortune on the local stock exchange and be received in triumph by the King of Good Hope. Manuela—for shame!—had been awarded the Chastity Medal, and the only obstacle to the Marquis' escape to an Embassy at Peru was Marie Anne. She had handed the bundle of letters to her husband. Fortunately the thinnest of stratagems proved equal to that emergency, and the tableau was complete. But not, unfortunately, before the Marquis' secretary, who had been impersonating his master, was

confronted by Don Someone or other for suggesting marriage to the Señorita, his daughter. What this secondary deception had to do with the main imbroglio goodness knows. But as the cabman said in *Punch*, "It's too hot to argue about trifles." Mr. Squire seemed politely bored in a part which, the pyjama episode excepted, was only mildly amusing. Miss Elsom contrived to make a number of ornamental bricks without much straw; and Miss Arnaud did and dared with the finesse of which she alone is capable. "TRINCULO."



For the

Film Fan



AL JOLSON AND LOIS MORAN IN "MAMMY"



NANCY CARROLL IN HONOLULU



LLOYD HUGHES AND MARY ASTOR IN "COOKING HER GOOSE"

Before going into "The Devil's Holiday," her new film, pretty little Nancy Carroll had a real holiday in Hawaii. Edmund Goulding, who is an Englishman, is directing this new film, and is now recognized as the equal of anyone America can produce. Al Jolson is with his new leading lady in "Mammy," which may be another "Sonny Boy" film, and it is said we are to have it in London shortly. Mary Astor, who is in the new film, "Cooking Her Goose," with Lloyd Hughes, who is a leading exponent of crook characters, is one of America's most dainty screen stars, and also a very first-class actress in her own type of part.





## THE SISTERS

*By Webster Murray*





## A DIP INTO THE

By H. M. Bateman

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ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

## Abdulla at the Carnival



## THE HEART OF MARIQUITA

To-night I shall whisper 'farewell' to the World of Pleasure—  
 To 'festa' and brilliant Ball,  
 For the moon is folding her mantle of misty silver  
 Round an old house, white and small . . .

I shall follow the path of my heart through the grove of olives,  
 Where only the fireflies dance—  
 And live on a crust and a handful of loved Abdullas  
 Compelled by a tender glance.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

· TURKISH ·

EGYPTIAN





LADY PONSONBY AND MR. SACHEVERELL SITWELL

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who have done a lot of entertaining at Eaton since their marriage, gave a week-end party there just before they left for Scotland. Tennis was the chief activity, and as is usual at Eaton, the guests were thoroughly spoiled, no detail for their greater comfort or entertainment being forgotten. The Duchess's mother, Lady Ponsonby, has been there on several occasions, and her only brother, Mr. Gaspard Ponsonby, was another member of this particular party. Captain Mack is the skipper of the Duke's yacht, "Cutty Sark"



CAPTAIN MACK AND MR. PONSONBY



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

## AT EATON HALL AND ELSEWHERE

A Recent House-party in Cheshire and a Triple Blue at Highgate



A WEEK-END GROUP AT EATON HALL

The group on the left consists of (in front) Miss Morris and Lady Blois, and (standing) Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, Lady Ponsonby, Mrs. Sitwell, the Duke of Westminster, and Captain J. M. Hilliard. The latter is very well known in the tennis world, and it is unnecessary to mention that Mr. Sitwell is a brilliant member of the Intelligentsia

Captain Victor Cazalet, whose prowess with any kind of racquet is renowned, was Mrs. Wills-Moody's partner when they beat Miss Ryan and Lord Cholmondeley at Lady Crosfield's charity exhibition lawn-tennis matches held at Highgate



CAPTAIN VICTOR CAZALET



# BROADCASTING WITH A CAMERA



MISS MASON WITH LUCIFER, THE WINNING  
DOG HOUND AT THE COTSWOLD PUPPY SHOW



"A SEAT IN THE PARK" FOR SIR ARTHUR PINERO (right), SIR COSMO  
DUFF-GORDON, MRS. BARRINGTON BATES, AND MRS. C. TAYLOR



MR. GLYN PHILPOT, R.A., AND MISS  
BARBARA REISS AT EATON HALL



OVER FROM ITALY: PRINCE AND PRINCESS  
RUSPOLI PLAYING GOLF AT NORTH BERWICK



HONEYMOONERS: MR. AND  
MRS. ANTHONY JENKINSON

The diverse occasions represented here must be dealt with in the traditional left to right method. Miss Mason, who lives at Turkdean, was very gratified when the judges at the Cotswold Puppy Show awarded premier honours to Lucifer, as she had been responsible for his early education. There are many less amusing occupations than to sit in Hyde Park on a sunny morning and criticise the passing show of mounted and foot passengers. Sir Arthur Pinero wrote "A Seat in the Park" round this moving picture, and still finds its study a profitable occupation. Mr. Glyn Philpot who with Miss Reiss and many other guests was recently staying with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, has a bronze statuette in this year's Academy as well as four pictures. His "Creation of Man" is to hang in the Viceroy's House, New Delhi. Princess Ruspoli was formerly Princess Dora Odoscaldi, and Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson is Sir James Dunn's daughter. She and her husband went to Cap Ferrat for their honeymoon





MISS AMY JOHNSON, ON ARRIVAL IN DARWIN

This picture of Miss Amy Johnson, who has made flying history by her solo voyage to Australia, was taken immediately after her arrival in Darwin on completion of the most dangerous lap over a shark-infested sea. If anything had gone wrong there nothing could have saved her. This photograph was rushed across Australia by special aeroplane to catch the mail boat at Fremantle, Western Australia. It went by sea to Colombo then on to Karachi, whence it came home by the Indian air mail

Captain Kingsford-Smith, the famous 'Australian airman, and hero of the Pacific flight, left Ireland (Portmarnock, near Dublin) on June 24 on an attempt to fly the Atlantic east to west, accompanied by M. Avert Vandyk, Mr. John Stannage, and Captain Saul. Their machine, "The Southern Cross," is a three-engined Fokker monoplane with a cruising radius of thirty-eight flying hours, and it was estimated that the flight would occupy about thirty-five hours. The possibility of having to refuel in the air was considered

## THE FAIR AND THE BRAVE OF THE AIR



FLYING THE ATLANTIC: CAPTAIN KINGSFORD-SMITH



# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A party of Germans were touring Norway, and to their great indignation they discovered in one town an "Aunt Sally," the targets of which were formed by the ex-Kaiser and others of his regime. The Germans naturally were furious and complained to the management. The manager conducted the party to the rear of the "Aunt Sally," and there they saw stamped

same place. After playing classical music for some time and not getting a copper he turned to go. An old woman standing at a doorway gave him a penny for his trouble. "How is it," he asked her, "that I get nothing when I play good music, and yesterday a man who made vile sounds with his fiddle got money showered upon him?"

"Oh, him," she said, "he ain't no fiddler; he's the local bookie."

The flower show had been a great success, and a few evenings later Councillor Jones, who had performed the opening ceremony, was reading the local report of it to his wife.

Presently he stopped and, snatching up his stick, rushed from the room. Amazed, his wife picked up the paper and read:

"As Councillor Jones mounted the stage, all eyes were fixed on the large red nose he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance."

"What did you think of my sermon, Donald?" asked the minister, coming out of the church.

"I thoct yon was a powerful discoorse on thrift ye preached," replied Donald.

"I am very glad, Donald, that you were able to profit by it, very proud indeed."

"Aye, I did that. Why, mon, I would ha' dinged ma saxpence into the plate without a thoct if it hadna been for

your providential words—they saved me fourpence there and then."

The father arrived home from his Sunday morning round of golf and flopped into his cosy arm-chair. His little son came and sat on his knee, and after playing with his father's hair and ears for a while he suddenly sniffed and said, "Oo, daddy, don't you smell of golf?"

A sweet young thing entered a clothier's shop. "I want a present for an old gentleman," she said.

"Yes, madam," replied the assistant, "something nice in ties?"

"No, not a tie," said the girl, "he has a beard."

"Well, what about a waistcoat?" ventured the man behind the counter.

"I don't think that's much good," was the answer, "you see, he has a long beard."

The assistant sighed wearily.

"Well, how about some carpet slippers?" he burst out in desperation.

Nurse was putting Johnny to bed, and seeing his clothes lying on the floor in a heap said, "Now who was the naughty little man who didn't fold his trousers before he got into bed?"

The little boy grinned cheerfully and said, "Oh, Adam."



MISS ADA MAY

The vivacious young American danseuse and comedienne who is one of the very bright spots in "Cochran's 1930 Revue" at the London Pavilion. Miss Ada May first made her reputation in London in "Follow Through," also at the Pavilion

upon the fabric the words "Made in Germany."

There was a scene outside the theatre. An attendant had just ejected a youth from the gallery and a policeman came along to see what the argument was about.

"It's all right!" said the attendant. "he's been misbehaving himself, so the manager had 'im thrown out!"

"But," said the indignant youth, "I was only passing some fruit to a pal of mine—can't I do that?"

"No, you can't!" said the attendant, "not when you're in the gallery and your pal's in the pit, and the fruit is a rotten tomato!"

A well-known violinist found himself one day in a drab East London square. Going slowly round it on the pavement was a man apparently trying to play a fiddle. Greatly to the intruder's surprise, money wrapped in paper was flung down to him from nearly every window. The next day he went to the



NIKITINA AND LIFAR IN "COCHRAN'S 1930 REVUE" Photographs by Sasha

The famous pair who are responsible for two charming little ballets, one in the Petrouchka-Eboulque Fantastique tradition with music by Lord Berners, and the other called "Night," music by Sauguet. As they are danced by Nikitina and Lifar not another word is necessary



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**AFTERNOON** First a generous application of Venetian Cleansing Cream (applied with a damp pad moistened with Ardena Skin Tonic). Next, the soothing mellowness of Anti-wrinkle Cream, followed if possible by ten minutes of rest. A brisk patting of Skin Tonic. Then the magic touch, a sparing smoothing on of Ultra-Amoretta Cream, or the flattering Lille Lotion so softly receptive to discreet rouge, and a dusting of Ardena Powder. A touch of emphasis for the lips—and you go to tea or dinner, all your loveliness recaptured

**AT NIGHT** The skin *must* be freed from all secretions, powder or dust that clog the pores. Follow the morning "cleansing" treatment, always with an upward movement. Remove with Arden Cleansing Tissues. For a too soft throat and cheeks, give a five-minute patting with a firm pad of cotton squeezed out of water and wet with Special Astringent. Dry, and pat in Muscle Oil over wrinkles and hollows. Apply Orange Skin Food with a quick upward moulding stroke. Leave a little Skin Food and Muscle Oil to be absorbed during the night by the stimulated tissues

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THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY TEAM

R. S. Crisp

Which will meet Oxford in the 46th Inter-Varsity match at Hurlingham on July 10. The names, left to right, are: Mr. A. Abel-Smith, Mr. E. A. Calvert, Mr. P. W. Paget, and Lord Somerton. Mr. Calvert and Mr. Paget played for Cambridge last year when they beat Oxford 5 to 4. Up to date Cambridge have won twenty-five matches and Oxford twenty

SINCE it seems to be now certain that Mr. L. L. Lacey is to be played for England this year and that he will be so in the position in which he is most at home—back, I think that it is desirable that an outside view as to Mr. Lacey's qualification should be voiced. Actually we are fully entitled to play Mr. Lacey for England; he is a member of Hurlingham; he is of British birth; and he has not taken out naturalization papers as a citizen of the Argentine Republic. These are the known facts and the ones with which I met criticism of Mr. Lacey's being played for England in 1930 after having been played for the Argentine Republic in each International team v. America in 1928. The counter to the contention that Mr. Lacey is fully qualified to play for England in 1930 is: "Then he was not qualified to play for the Argentine in 1928; for he cannot be an Argentine citizen one moment and a British citizen the next." This may be taken as what I will call an "outside" point of view, that is to say, it is a view held by some people who do not live in England and are not citizens of Great Britain. It will be regrettable if this criticism is raised by the ruling polo authorities in America. I do not believe that it will be, because the time to criticize was when Mr. Lacey, an Englishman, was played for the Argentine in an International Cup. If it had been raised then there might have been good ground, and if America had lost that cup, as it seemed after the second match she might have done, there might have been a perfectly good ground for an objection—if that is to say, I am right, and my friend the critic quoted above is right in pre-supposing that in an Argentine v. America match the sides must be composed of each country's nationals. This matter having been raised I think it better that it should be mentioned rather than bottled. There is no likelihood of the Polo Association of America objecting to any unit of our team on the score of nationality, but I think, on the other hand, there is some discussion going on in circles outside the official ones. It would be better, I think, if this could be averted and someone else equally good put in to replace Mr. Lacey. The someone equally good, however, seems to have vanished into thin air so far as International polo is concerned, and our Dictator, therefore, seems to be left with no alternative but to carry on with what he has got and make the best of it. The newly-arranged formation did very well at Ranelagh in the sixth Trial match.

# POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

In all these trials so far in which Mr. Lacey has been played No. 1 he has not been a conspicuous success, and he has performed, as it was probable he would perform, like a fish out of water. The moment he was put back in the spot he knows best it was another pair of shoes. Captain Tre-mayne is very lucky indeed to find that he has an interchangeable back and No. 1 in Mr. Aidan Roark, and it seems now probable that, if this four is the last word, the formation may be further altered. If it is, the two teams which may face one another at Meadowbrook on September 6 may be these, for I have had my original information about America's final selection reinforced by a "sure hand" who lives in Long Island:

## ENGLAND

## U.S.A.

- |                           |                        |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Mr. Aidan Roark        | Mr. Elmer J. Boeseke   |
| 2. Captain C. T. I. Roark | Mr. Winston Guest      |
| 3. Mr. Gerald Balding     | Mr. T. Hitchcock, jun. |
| (back) Mr. L. L. Lacey    | Mr. E. A. S. Hopping.  |

This American team is practically identical with the final one played against the Argentine in 1928. The only change is that they have got Mr. Boeseke in No. 1 instead of Mr. Averill Harriman,

and they have made Mr. Winston Guest and Mr. E. A. S. Hopping swap places. Mr. Hitchcock thinks that Mr. Guest will be more deadly in attack than in defence, and that putting him up No. 2, behind the super-brilliant



R. Horne

MR. R. L. FINDLAY

The Grey's back in their Inter-Regimental tie v. the K.D.G.'s, whom they beat 7 to 6



R. Horne

MR. CONNALL AND MR. H. P. GUINNESS

Two more of the Scots Greys' regimental team at Tidworth on the day they beat the K.D.G.'s. Mr. H. P. Guinness was tried for England

Californian, is going to make America's front end a very sharp one indeed. That is my latest information, and I think it is pretty right. If Captain Roark is played No. 2 instead of No. 3 for us he will be in the position in which he is most accustomed and in which he plays for The Hurricanes on both sides of the Atlantic. He will, furthermore, be in the position in which Mr. Tommy Hitchcock is the least likely to find him convenient. For direct confirmation of this, vide the final of the American Open Championship, 1929, Hurricanes (11 goals) v. Sands Point (7 goals), the date was September 14. It was the Roark-Watson Webb (The Hurricanes No. 3) combination, which put Mr. Tommy Hitchcock on a chain all the way and held him there, especially, as the American accounts of that match say, The Hurricanes No. 2 (Captain

(Continued on p. x)



# BUCHANAN'S



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# Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By

THE réversion to the Hoover or floor-sweeping type of skirt, which was in most marked evidence at Ascot and even before that at most places where the fantastic-toers congregate, has more in it than meets the eye. The frock, which looked lonesome without a sporran and a skean dhu, was never everybody's money because, as needs hardly be said, there are legs and legs. These things are roughly divisible into two main categories: (1) those which look well in a boot, and (2) those which look well in a stocking—silk, Celanese, worsted, or Lisle thread, it does not matter. There is of course a mean between a "parritch-stick" leg and a billiard-table one; but for all practical intents and purposes the two divisions just noted serve our purpose. There is, therefore, a great deal of method about this flash-back to Victorian and Edwardian garb. Lots of people may have feet like little mice and ankles like the stem of a champagne glass, but muscles covering the fibia and the tibia, to say nothing of the femur, which may make good comparison with a York ham, and it is for the relief of these that this step backward along the flower-strewn pathway of fashion has been taken. The knee that looks as if it belonged to a careless timber-jumper—one of those theatrical steeds which misses his cue at a crucial moment in the performance—has never been a thing of beauty whether encased in a 25s. silk stocking or a pair of even the best-fitting breeches; but if all this is left to the imagination by a beautifully-turned ankle, how much happier must be the situation. The Epstein-made amongst us of course nothing ever will help, but mercifully the anthropoid atrocity is very few and far between. The laws of Fashion are quite unlike those of the Medes and their friends the Persians, and the makers of them are all-powerful and can do as they darn well please; so why should not some sort of Ordinance be promulgated to the effect that all persons who go over 16 in. at the knee and over 20 at the calf must wear Hoover skirts, and all who go less than 10 at the calf and about the same at the small and the ankle be forbidden to wear kilts? Of course there are some unfortunates whom none of these suggested laws will aid; those whose legs remind us of a Mullingar heifer, for instance. Of the ladies in that part of the world some rude and unsympathetic man said that the calves



LORD RAGLAN AND HIS CHILDREN  
*Truman Howell*

At the recent charity fête held at Lord Raglan's seat, Cefntilla Court, Monmouthshire. The Hon. Janetta and the Hon. Fitzroy Somerset are seen "presiding over" the bran tub—in aid of the R.S.P.C.C.

when and how as soon as possible. It may avoid unpleasantness." How much nicer this is than the way in which they treated Mr. Eugene Aram when he was compelled to walk all the way from Lynn in a fog between two most unpleasant-looking gentlemen, with things called gyves upon his wrists.

had run down their legs to get at the hay in their brogues—hay in those times being used to make a shoe that was too big to fit as it should. Of course it is a very knotty problem, and no man may be of much use trying to solve it; but all the chaps at Ascot said that they felt they were missing something, and did not back the Hoovers to stay.

In my admiration for our incomparable police, particularly that section of it called the Big Five, I cede place to no one, and especially do I commend their most tactful way in inviting murderers to come and be caught. It makes one think at once of that quaint old nursery rhyme used, I think, in connection with either geese or pigs, and which went something like "Dilly, Dilly, Silly, come and be killed!" These nicely-worded invitations in the Press go even one better than this. As for example: "The police are most anxious to interview a gentleman dressed in some new, puce-coloured suitings wearing a musk-rat tinted Trilby hat, brown shoes, royal-blue socks, pale-green shirt, soft collar, red tie, who was known to be in the company of the corpse exactly five minutes before it had its throat cut from ear to ear, and a red bandana handkerchief tied round its mouth to prevent it getting too chatty about it. If this gentleman will kindly call at New Scotland Yard, or in fact at any police station, it will save him a lot of trouble—afterwards. Anyone who has seen this gentleman lately had better say



SIR JOHN AND LADY DASHWOOD'S ASCOT HOUSE-PARTY  
*Arthur Owen*

A group of the host and hostess and guests at West Wycombe Park for last week's rather spotty Ascot. Included are: Sir John and Lady Dashwood, Lord and Lady Hardinge, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Loder. Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet at the back; Captain Gar. Emmet second from the left

As the obsolete Horse (soldier) is at the moment getting quite an appreciable amount of the kind of fighting which the Tin Lizzie enthusiasts assured us was never likely to occur again, and some horse regiments on the Frontier have even had a bit of fast work against the Afridi infantry, some of the best in the world on its own native heath, I expect we shall get some thrilling pictures of cavalry charges, shock action by the *arme blanche*, and all that sort of stuff. It makes a good picture with a lot of dust, a few lance points, and a brightly

(Continued on p. xii)





## BEATL—for Brighter Picnics

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# WITHOUT PROTECTION

By C. V. Tench

"THE perfect crime!" Sergeant Morgan, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, lay back in his chair and smiled. "There are lots of 'em, and because they are perfect the police never even hear of them. But it is the *almost* perfect crimes that make the trouble for both the perpetrators and the police. One crime I worked on came so close to being perfect it caused me to make an error that almost ruined me, occasioned a serious miscarriage of justice, but—and this is the unusual aspect of this case—the man who committed the crime could be killed to-morrow by a certain other man, and the law could not touch the killer! He is absolutely without protection."

"Preposterous!" Hereson, the third member of the little gathering in my den, who writes detective fiction, glared at the policeman. "I've made a study of crime for years. I —"

The sergeant interrupted.

"It's the simple truth. A man who committed an almost perfect crime is to-day entirely *outside the protection of the law* because of the near perfection of his crime."

Hereson snorted. Scouting a good story—for Morgan is not given to talking about his work—I got to my feet and refilled the three tumblers. The Mountie picked up his drink, sipped it, sighed contentedly, then:

"I've read lots of your stuff, Hereson. It isn't bad as fiction goes. But a true narrative I could relate about a man without protection you wouldn't dare to write. It would sound so improbable."

Hereson stared at him, said:

"I'd like to hear the story. If there's any clever detective work in it maybe I can use it."

"There isn't," was Morgan's answer. "In fact, as I told you, I blundered badly. But the upshot of the whole affair was that one man was sentenced to death; another to a term of imprisonment. But," the sergeant leaned forward in his chair, "what I want to impress upon you is, one tiny oversight upon the part of the man who committed this crime has left him in a bad way to-day. He is without protection."

"Prove it," said Hereson.

Settling himself more comfortably in his chair, Morgan began:

"It was some years ago, when I was in charge of the Peel River post, that one spring two young men called. They were drifting down north on a prospecting trip. I checked 'em over and sent 'em on their way with my blessing. At the time I didn't dream that in a few months I'd be called on to arrest one of them on a charge of murder and robbery."

"That same year, just before freeze-up, one of 'em—by name Ripley—came barging into the post. He was all tuckered out from paddling up-stream for two days. He told a wild and lengthy story."

"He said that he and his partner had drifted along, poking around here and there. One day they ran across a cabin. Its occupant was dying of scurvy. There —" The sergeant broke off as Hereson interrupted with a roar:

"Old stuff. They minister to the stricken man. He dies but leaves them a rich claim. He —"



"To Ripley's surprise he produced a pistol, ordered his partner to drop the rifle and the will . . ."

"Exactly. Sounds like your fiction, doesn't it?" the Mountie cut in. "But

this is my story and it is true. There was a lot of scurvy in the north that year owing to vegetable crops having been frozen."

Hereson grunted. The policeman continued.

"They did what they could for this old chap, whose name was Martin, but he petered out just the same. Before he died he made a will leaving all he had to Ripley and his partner, making but one condition—they were to turn half of the gold already on hand and what they worked from the claim over to the authorities. This half was to go to Martin's son providing the authorities could locate him. The partners willingly agreed to the terms because there was quite a lot of dust in the shack and the claim was a real find. But that same clause in the will was the cause of an almost perfect crime being perpetrated. It provided the motive."

"The partners worked the claim all summer until it just naturally petered out. They checked over the gold on hand, and it rated about twenty thousand dollars. Good returns for one season's work."

"When, according to Ripley's yarn, came friction. His partner, Kearson, on account of having to turn over half of the gold to the authorities, wanted to slide out of the country quietly and not report at any of our posts."

"Ripley said that he was dead against the suggestion. He wanted to keep a promise made to the dead man who had aided them to make a good stake. The partners argued the matter. Came one morning when they quarrelled so violently they almost came to blows. Mind you," the sergeant leaned forward, "this is what Ripley told me."



## Without Protection—continued

"Seeing that matters had come to a showdown, Ripley took the will and their only rifle and told Kearson that he was heading for the nearest police post alone to explain everything. They could then leave the country with their stake and all would be in order.

"Kearson balked at that. To Ripley's surprise he produced a pistol, ordered his partner to drop the rifle and will and head inland. He also told Ripley that when he returned he would find the shack burned down and he, Kearson, with most of the gold, missing. He added that he would leave part of the gold in the cache, so that when Ripley returned with the police they would find the small amount of gold and not believe Ripley's story that his partner had threatened him. And, with diabolical cunning, he had also planned something worse."

The sergeant leaned back in his chair, regarded Hereson and me quietly, "Am I boring you?" We shook our heads. "I must tell you all these details," he explained, "even at the risk of my story becoming tedious. So that when you have heard all you will be able to understand the minute scheming done by the criminal."

"Continue," said Hereson.

"Well," the sergeant resumed, "Ripley said that seeing cold murder in Kearson's eyes, he was only too glad to head into the bush as commanded, but he did not go far from camp. Shortly after noon he sighted flames and smoke. He waited until the next morning, figuring that by then Kearson would be well on his way, then cautiously approached the camp. He saw no sign of Kearson; smouldering ashes were all that remained of the cabin. Every nerve on the alert, he approached the ruins. He was surprised to find the rifle leaning against a tree; it was fully loaded. Then another thing caught his eye—caused him to gasp. Swinging at its usual mooring he saw their canoe. He wasted no time but grabbed the rifle, hopped into the canoe, and headed for my post."

"A preposterous tale," Hereson interrupted. "Of course, after hearing it you placed the man under arrest?"

"Not at first," the Mountie replied. "I ordered him to lead me back to the burned-out camp. The ashes were by then cold and I poked about in them. I discovered that which gave me a tremendous shock—the charred remains of a human being!"

"Gad! Whilst I had been poking round Ripley had remained seated on a log, nursing the rifle and eyeing my every movement. The man was in a terribly upset condition. I saw that he had not noticed my discovery. Feigning indifference, I got to my feet, strolled over to him and asked him to show me their cache. In it I found gold. It was in buckskin pouches. A later assay proved it to be worth twenty-nine hundred dollars. There was also food in the cache."

"From that moment I commenced to doubt Ripley's yarn. By a trick I separated him from the rifle, then told him of the body I had found. He wouldn't believe me. I led him to the

corpse; compelled him to help me lift it clear of the ruins. Gad! As you know, we fellows have to be customs officers, coroners, and everything else, as well as being policemen, in the Far North. I performed a post-mortem on the body and I don't mind telling you it was ghastly. A burned human form is not nice to handle. And this one was terribly burned; almost totally consumed. Every bit of skin and flesh had been burned from the skull, and the corpse was completely unrecognizable.

"But the autopsy brought to light a damning piece of evidence—a small hole in the carbonized skull. It had been made by a .22 rifle bullet. I found the smashed bit of lead. I asked Ripley what he had to say to that. He stuck to his story.

"I hunted round in the ruins again and unearthed a number of tell-tale articles where the body had lain. Signet ring, watch, and things like that. After cleaning them Ripley identified them as having once belonged to Kearson. Offered as explanation that someone had overheard him and Kearson quarrelling and Kearson's plan, also learned of the amount of gold on hand. After seeing Ripley depart this unknown had shot Kearson and taken most of the gold. Had, in fact, carried out in part Kearson's own plans. I thought his story a bit too thin and

placed him under arrest. I told him why I had to do so.

"In the first place, for all I knew the gold I had found constituted the total amount. In the second place, the burned man had received a bullet through the head. In the third place, the canoe had not been taken. Other points were, Ripley had followed the safest plan, remained in the district and reported the crime himself, pretending ignorance of a corpse in the ruins of course. Had he left it to chance for the crime to be discovered, and a check-up of my district showed he had run for it, he would have been apprehended. It is

almost impossible for a wanted man to avoid arrest no matter what part of the world he goes to. Your clever criminal always pays a lot of attention to that last point. Schemes to avoid even suspicion. The ignorant crook commits a crime, then runs for safety; a foolish thing to do."

"The serious blunder the man made," cut in Hereson, as the sergeant paused, "was in not smashing in the burned skull before coming to you. Also in not concocting a simple story that he had returned from a hunting trip and found the shack burned and the body of his partner in it. In short, he couldn't resist the temptation for more dramatic effect."

"That is what I thought at the time." The sergeant gazed at Hereson thoughtfully. "But more serious blunders were made later. We buried the charred remains alongside the grave of Martin, the aged prospector. Owing to the stony nature of the ground we could not dig a deep grave, so, as Ripley and Kearson had done for Martin, we piled rocks on top to prevent animals from molesting the corpse. I then took the prisoner to my post."

"While holding him there awaiting word from the outside I had all our chaps working hard to try and find out if anyone had

(Continued on p. iv)

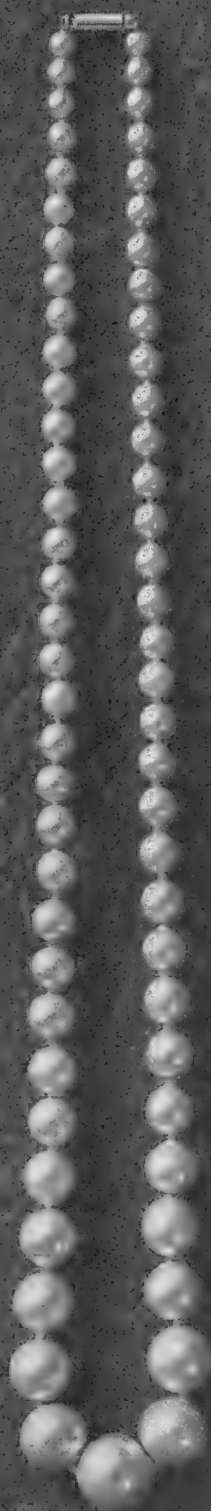


THE LEICESTERSHIRE GENTLEMEN AND H.A.C. XI's

A group of the combined teams which met recently where the Leicestershire Gentlemen, many of whom are well known with the Fernie, Pytchley, and Woodland Pytchley hunts, got 116 in their first knock to the Honourable Artillery Company's 195. The names, left to right, are: Back row—R. Curnow, H. E. Arnold, J. C. Douglas, W. Stanley Taylor, W. Morton, and S. G. Squire; next row—E. R. B. Drummond, J. Burgess, R. Tyler, —Mackintosh, A. S. Robertson, A. C. Abrams, C. C. Toppin, N. Beeson, A. W. Hart, and the Rev. H. Mack; sitting—A. N. Peach, A. S. Sonneshell, J. C. Hayden (captain H.A.C.), Captain E. S. Beadon (captain Leicestershire Gentlemen), the Rev. H. H. Berrisford, and C. Tharp; on ground—Captain Fowler (umpire for Leicestershire Gentlemen), R. Clapham, R. G. Watson, P. J. Hercock, and the H.A.C. umpire



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Hay Wrightson  
GENERAL SIR LEWIS HALLIDAY,  
V.C., K.C.B.

Adjutant-General of the Royal Marines since 1927. Sir Lewis won his V.C. in the China Expedition of 1901, and was created a K.C.B. in the New Year Honours. He is a R.M.A.D.C. to His Majesty

The thing was so revolutionary in character that it could hardly fail to lead to further developments. To go back over old ground again (for which I make no apology), it may be said that this "fluid fly-wheel" contrivance is a very simple and effectual means of providing an automatic clutch which is controlled by the speed of the engine, and the action of which is dictated by the extent to which the driver puts his foot upon the accelerator. Incidentally I may mention that on all the Daimler cars that I have recently tried the accelerator pedal is just a flat plate of aluminium hinged at the bottom . . . and that it is quite the most comfortable and fatigueless pedal that I have ever had my foot on. The "fluid fly-wheel," so-called, consists of two members, one driving the other driven, and the reaction of the latter, which is a form of turbine, depends upon the speed with which the other flings oil upon it. When the engine is turning over slowly the reaction in question is so small that nothing happens; that is to say, the car stops still. But when the engine is "opened up" from the idling speed the famous  $MV^2$  law comes into operation, and the car moves forward with an incredible silkiness of acceleration. Nor is it only silky. I am much inclined to think that the acceleration gained in this way is more than normally rapid.

# Petrol Vapour

BY W. G. ASTON

## Interesting New Stuff.

ONE of these fine days the Daimler Company, formerly so rigorously conservative that it seemed to most of us that it could profitably stay for years in the very prosperous rut that it had ploughed for itself, will acquire a reputation for springing surprises upon the world of automobilism. It is only a few weeks ago that I had occasion to refer to the introduction of the "fluid fly-wheel" scheme of clutch, which is to be regarded as one of the biggest break-aways (or is it break-away?) from conventional practice that we have seen for many years. When, in these notes, I registered my impressions of this device I might easily have prophesied that very shortly a great deal more would be heard of it.

At all events the 30-h.p. Double-Six Daimler with this clutch system becomes to all intents and purposes a one-speed car controlled by just two pedals, and the driving of it is a sheer delight.

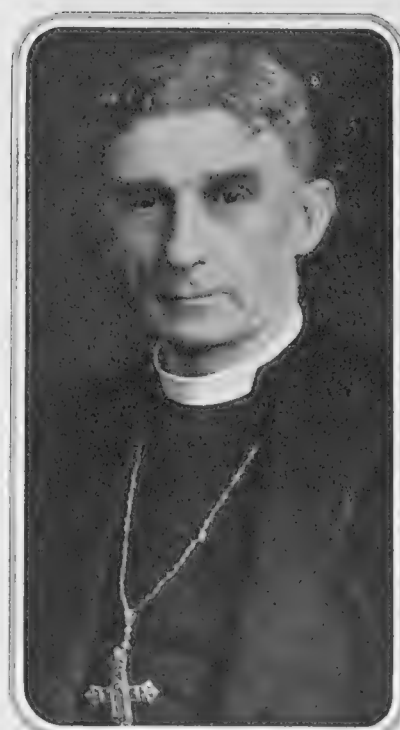
## A Fresh Development.

SO much for the "fluid fly-wheel." Now comes an entirely new Daimler model in which this idea is exploited in combination with what may justly be called the "self-changing" type of 4-speed gear-box. The model in question I can best describe as a modification of the 25-h.p. type with its all-aluminium engine. It has no transmission brake however, the hand-lever serving to operate the shoes in the back hubs which form part of the normal arrangement of four-wheel servo-brakes. But

of course the gear-box is entirely different from that of the 25 h.p. It is of the epicyclic pattern—of exactly the same kind as that which is used on the larger Armstrong-Siddeley models—and all the gear-changing is done by means of a thumb, or finger, lever adjacent to the rim of the steering-wheel. This gear-box owes its existence to the genius of that Major Wilson who many years ago was associated in the Wilson and Pilcher car (old-time motorists will well remember the name) with Pilcher, who lost his life in the earliest gliding experiments ever carried out in Great Britain. It goes without saying that it has taken a long time to bring this gear-box to perfection, and to J. D. Siddeley must be given much of the credit for materializing its possibilities, but it has now been brought to the stage at which its advantages

are an accomplished fact. In combination with the Daimler "fluid fly-wheel" it is certainly a wonderful thing. Just get into this new  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -litre 20-30-h.p. Daimler, and together we will see how it functions. Underneath the steering-wheel is a sector with a small lever. This sector reads: "Top, Third, Second, First, Neutral, Reverse." The lever is against the "Top" mark. Never mind, we will press the starting-pedal and get the engine going. Directly we take off the hand brake and depress the throttle pedal we

(Continued on p. xviii)



Hay Wrightson  
THE LORD BISHOP OF  
LIVERPOOL

The Right Rev. A. A. David, D.D., who was Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich before coming to Liverpool in 1923, was headmaster of Rugby for eleven years. Previously to that he was headmaster of Clifton



Batsman: We'll use the pram to stop the ball, but don't send 'em down too swift, cos if the kid gets bumped 'is mother 'u'll make an awful fuss!

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



# 305 miles in 8.5 running hours—averaging just under 36 m.p.h. . . . reports this satisfied Austin owner . . .

Owner Report No. 319; Car No. 5TT, 26010/6; Engine No. 22.31/26; Registration No. PK 3192; 16 h.p. Open-Road 5-Seater.\*

Not spectacular? Admittedly . . . but extremely satisfactory performance in an extremely satisfied owner's hands . . . the kind of satisfaction which you may expect—*when you own an Austin*. But read further what the owner of this Austin Sixteen reports:

Although this car has now completed 18,760 miles in which no trouble whatever has been experienced, there is no falling off in power or acceleration—as the following tests, carefully checked, confirm:

From 5 miles an hour in top gear	
to 20 " " " " 8 secs.	
" 40 " " " " 20 "	
" 60 " " " " 42 "	

Petrol consumption averages  $25\frac{3}{4}$  m.p.g. And the owner says, "This is the first car which I have ever owned which has exceeded my expectations!"

*This is what is meant by Austin dependability!*

These are the results aimed at by Austin engineers . . . to build cars of *outstanding dependability, cars that last*, rather than cars of short-lived spectacular performance.

How well they achieve their aims is witnessed by such Owner Reports as that printed above.

Ask any Austin owner what he thinks of his car. Then see your nearest Austin dealer, and drive a car yourself.

*\*Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are published in this series of reports.*

The "Sixteen" Burnham Saloon  
As Illustrated

## £375

AT WORKS

Upholstery in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes Triplex glass, 'Biflex' magnetically operated dip and switch headlights, luggage carrier, wire wheels, Dunlop tyres, chromium plating.

Other 'Sixteen' Models

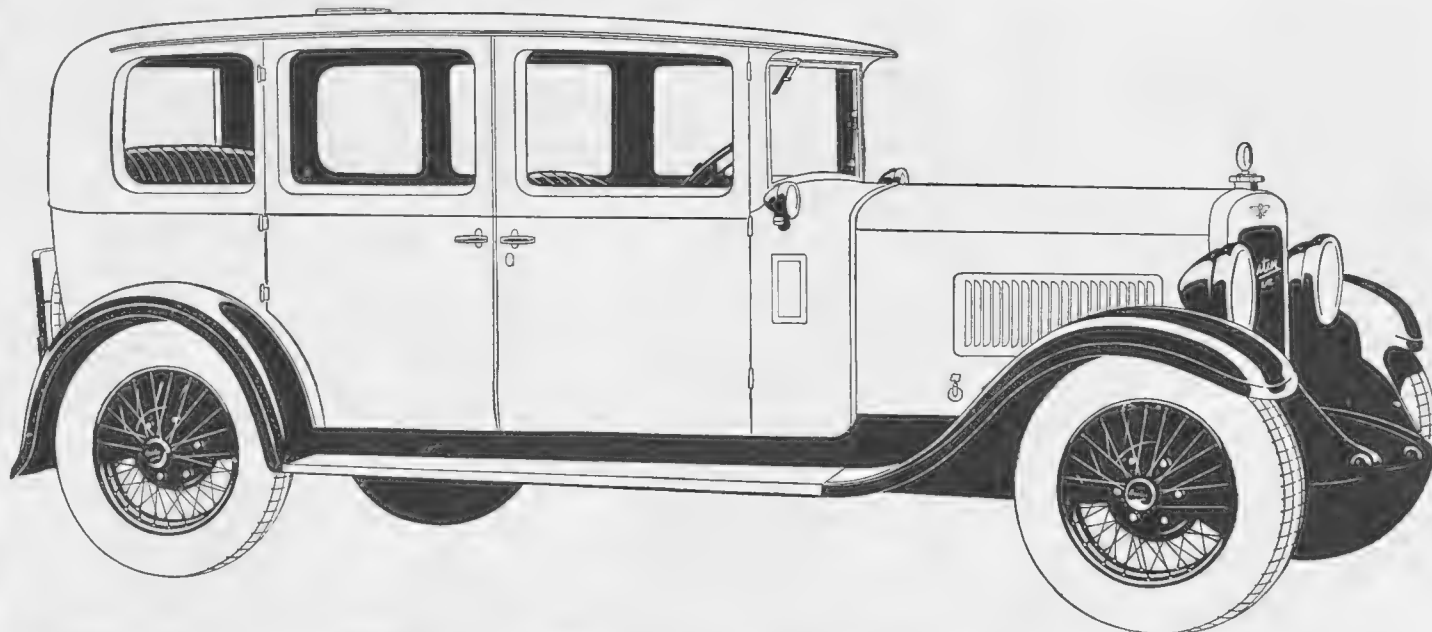
AT  
WORKS

Two-Seater - - - - -	£310
Open Road Five-Seater - - -	£310
Fabric Saloon (4-window) - -	£365
Fabric Saloon (6-window) - -	£375

(Sliding Sunshine Roof £10 extra)

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# AUSTIN



The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11





*P. B. Abery*  
Miss M. I. Shrimpton, winner of the Challenge Bowl at the Llandrindod Wells open meeting, and Mrs. Eric Barnard, the runner-up. Miss Shrimpton's caddy travels light, for she finds five clubs quite enough to win with

International Meeting at Ranelagh on April 22 and 23, and the Championship at Portmarnock in the week beginning June 8. Like a B.B.C. announcer, one feels inclined to say, "I will just repeat the address," or in other words the month, because the Open does not usually rub shoulders with all the Close Championships of June, and it would be as well for folk to get it firmly into mind. Otherwise they will quite surely accuse the poor innocent printer of making a slip, or else be put in their place by some tiresome know-all who is "sure they never *would* have the Open in June, with the Scottish Foursomes and Championship then." However there it is, June 8, and now everyone can set to and arrange the rest of the jig-saw puzzle round it, remembering that Easter Sunday is April 5.

And then here is some really delightful news. Woodhall Spa is welcoming back the Northern Foursomes in the spring of 1931, date to be arranged later. That is surely not only the finest inland course in Lincolnshire, but in a good many other counties as well, with its glorious sandy soil, undulating fairways, unforgettable bunkers, in just the very right places. Then the hotels are right on the spot, and all that the most exacting can ask, whilst Major Hotchkin (not forgetting his dogs) gave the event a welcome in 1928 which everybody remembers with pleasure and would like to experience again.

Yorkshire won there, Miss Rudgard and Miss Worsley; and the present holders, Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw, will no doubt make a great effort to hold on to their cups. May one gently warn other counties in the meantime that Yorkshire, having achieved the double of Northern and Scottish this year, are now out to make it a triple crown by winning the Autumn Four-

## EVE at GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

There are various important and pleasant items which must just be set out here before dealing with who has won what and where in the last week.

Firstly, two of the biggest dates for next year are fixed and announced—the

ones as well! So now you know, all the rest of the world, and will put your best foot foremost. There are plenty of other Yorkshire couples besides Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw, or Miss Leetham and Lady Alness; doubtless their names will be coming in fast now that the July number of "Britannia and Eve" has given the entrance-form, and it really does behove everybody to see that anything so unique is not achieved without a rare struggle. May one just remind competitors that the 128 couples with the lowest handicaps, irrespective of date of entry, will play at Ranelagh, and the next 128 at Roehampton, but if there are several couples equally entitled by handicap to be put in, then preference goes to the couple who entered first. So the old "Do it now" is still sound.

Also that "Britannia and Eve" for July has the entrance-form for the Girls' Championship in it, and in this it is strictly the first sixty-four names received who will play in the Championship at Stoke Poges on September 10, 11, and 12, so early



Forces for courses: Miss Nan Baird, the Girl Champion, with three ex-Scottish champions—Miss Alex Glover, Mrs. J. B. Watson, and Miss Jean McCulloch. The Girls' Championship, promoted by "Britannia and Eve," will take place at Stoke Poges on September 10 to 12



*Poole, Dublin*  
Miss Daisy Ferguson (Röyal County Down), who did so well in the English Open, was beaten by Miss Jameson in the fifth round of the Irish

entry is essential. It would be tragic to have a budding Miss Fishwick on the waiting-list.

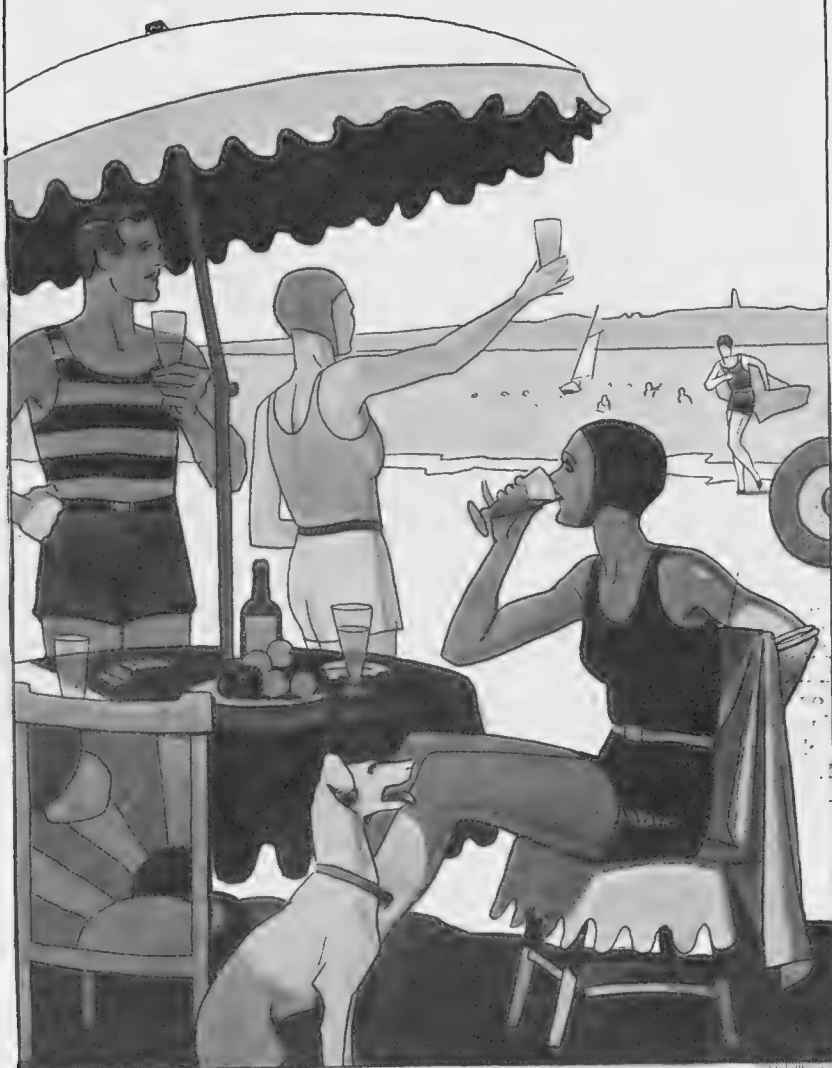
The final of the French Championship was one more testimony to the fact that Girls' Championship form does go for something nowadays. Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume, who won it, was Girl Champion in 1924; Miss Diana Esmond, runner-up, was Girl Champion in 1926. St. Germain was the scene of action where Mlle. de la Chaume won the French Close Championship last year, and the margin of no more than 5 and 4 in the thirty-six holes final seems to show that Miss Esmond is coming along and fulfilling the promise of her 1926 form.

The Open meeting fever is dying down for the moment round London, where such distractions as Ascot, Wimbledon, Henley, and Lord's are apt to lure even the most hardened scorer away from golf, but it is only just beginning to rage at its height in the North. Mrs. George Coats was the scratch prize-winner at the Troon meeting; at Oakdale Miss Judith Fowler and Miss Downes tied for that honour. The tie went to Miss Fowler, who had a steady 40 each way, whereas Miss Downes, after a brilliant 36 out, took fright—it's so horribly easy to do it—at such figures coming home and had some rather grisly experiences. Miss Fowler was sixth in the net returns, 75 heading the list from both Miss Hartley and Mrs. Pratt—a fine performance on the part of a low handicap, since the allowance for these handicap winners was as high as twenty-two.

(Continued on p. xxiv)



AN ENTIRELY NEW DISCOVERY !



the most  
refreshing  
drink you  
have ever  
tasted . . .

*... Gin with the cool  
delightful flavour of  
sun-drenched oranges*

# GORDON'S ORANGE GIN

GORDON'S ORANGE GIN is the outcome of an entirely new discovery.

It is rich in health-giving properties, having all the vitamins contained in fresh oranges.

It is a digestive after meals—a splendid aperitif or cocktail before meals [two-thirds Orange Gin, one-third French Vermouth]—and a delightfully cooling and invigorating drink when mixed with tonic water, ginger ale, ginger beer or soda water. A little added to champagne cyder or claret cup is a decided improvement.

TANQUERAY GORDON & COMPANY LTD., DISTILLERS, LONDON







Cooling, refreshing, and beneficial to the skin is Larola. It allays the irritation engendered from the bites and stings of insects

## The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

### Children's Holiday Outfits.

Altogether charming are the holiday outfits for children in the salons of Daniel Neal and Sons, Portman Square, one of which finds pictorial expression on this page. There

is the green and black stockinette bathing-suit—of course it is available in other colours if required—it is 8s. 11d., and as will be seen, has the effect of a two-piece suit. No one would fail to be enchanted with the plaid cotton outfit; it consists of a frock trimmed with white piqué, knickers, and sunbonnet, and is 15s. 9d. in sizes from 18 to 24 in. Then there is the natural Shantung frock trimmed with smocking and embroidery for 30s. 6d. The skirt of the stockinette suit on the left is permanently pleated; it consists of three pieces—knickers, jersey, and jumper. There is a splendid assortment of tailored coats, while tennis frocks for the older girls have received special attention. In the illustrated catalogue, sent gratis and post free, full details are given regarding this firm's excellent footwear; the Nature shoes are constructed to carry the feet over the early critical years, and to correct a tendency to tread inwards, nevertheless they allow the feet to function normally.

### Inexpensive Frocks.

Far from the noise but within sight of Regent Street, W., is 29, Swallow Street, W.; it is there that Mavis Murray has her salons, and it was there that the chiffon dress illustrated on this page was sketched. The sleeveless frock, partnered with a short coat, is expressed in printed chiffon and is pleasantly priced at 6 guineas; two shades of straw are present in the hat which accompanies it, of which one may become the possessor for 2 guineas. It is not until the dress has been studied with care that the intricate detail is noticeable, nevertheless it is just this that contributes to the success of the ensemble. There are other ensembles in floral fabrics for £4 19s. 6d., the little coatees swathing the hips in a particularly becoming manner. For these prices there are evening dresses of taffeta; the hips are moulded, the skirts being arranged in tiers. Then there are more expensive dresses; standing out with prominence is one of apple-green faille; the new princess silhouette is emphasized with silver, while the coatee is of the abbreviated military genre, and as a consequence decidedly waisted. Another very charming creation was expressed in pale forget-me-not blue faille. There was a decided fulness from just above the knees downwards.

It is of printed chiffon that this ensemble is made; the dress is sleeveless, and the coatee very decorative. It comes from Mavis Murray, 29, Swallow Street, W.



Marla  
Hytell



The art of dressing children comfortably and becomingly is well understood by Daniel Neal and Sons, Portman Square. To them must be given the credit of these frocks and swimmer

From July 7 to 18.

Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street, W.) sale is for a fortnight only; the catalogue is ready and must be studied with care. Included in it are a number of model gowns for 18½ guineas, original prices from 35 to 70 guineas; 15½ and 25 guinea evening dresses are 10½ guineas. In the moderately-priced department there are washing silk frocks for 59s. 6d. instead of 4 guineas, and jumper suits in various fabrics 98s. 6d. instead of 7½ guineas, while there are a limited number of cotton dresses for 39s. 6d. Everyone must make a point of visiting the tea-gown department, as there are printed chiffon dresses with capes for 89s. 6d., while those of printed crêpe de chine are 49s. 6d. Unique value is present in the satin night-dresses for 29s. 6d., boudoir caps are 5s., and rayon knickers are the same price.

### A Six-day Sale.

Harrods' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) sale is for six days only, from July 7 to 12, remnant day being Friday. There are 200 dresses for day and evening wear for 40s. each, and 100 outside afternoon dresses of printed crêpe de chine are 55s. Then there are a collection of coats in tweeds and fine suitings for 29s. 6d., which is less than half price. Incredible as it may seem, there are 300 fur coats at one-third their usual price; they alone are well worth a visit to view. As the holiday season is rapidly approaching, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that straw hats are 5s. Then tailored coats and skirts that a few days ago were 7½ guineas are 90s. It is splendid news, too, that mackintoshes are 27s. 6d. The catalogue is ready and will be sent gratis and post free; it should be studied with the greatest care.

### Artistic Surroundings.

Assuredly everyone will be delighted to hear that the White House (51, New Bond Street, W.) is having a sale; the surroundings are remarkably artistic. There are tennis dresses in crêpe chemisier with shaped bodices, and deep pleats in the skirts for 4½ guineas, and heavy linen dresses cut on tailored lines for 79s. 6d. In the underwear department there are night-dresses of pure silk crêpe de chine enriched with handwork and Valenciennes lace for 59s. 6d.; while Directoire knickers are 29s. 6d. During the July sale extraordinary value is offered in fine linen face towels made and bleached on the

(Continued on p. ii)

# To rid teeth of Film

*use Pepsodent twice every day*



Discolorations disappear. Teeth find new protection.

**H**AVE you noticed what you believe to be symptoms of decay? Then it is time to change your method of tooth cleaning, for decay may result from germs.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. Film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film successfully.

Film must be combated. To remove it dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it . . . safely, gently. No pumice,

harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a fine creamy paste.

You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. Can see the difference in results. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from risk of serious diseases. Get a tube from your chemist today.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

**Pepsodent** MARK  
TRADE

*The Special Film-Removing  
Tooth Paste*



# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

grass in Ireland for 30s. per dozen, while hand-woven and hand-hemstitched linen sheets are 50s. per pair. Women's handkerchiefs are from 7s. 6d. per dozen, and men's from 10s. 6d. per dozen.

## A Quality Sale.

Woollands' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) quality sale is in progress and continues throughout July; the reductions in the prices of everything are unusually drastic. Even a casual glance through the catalogue will convince all and sundry of this fact. Standing out with prominence among the bargains are the cotton voile dresses with white collars and cuffs for 45s. 6d., sleeveless dresses in crêpe de chine being 63s.—they are neatly tailored and finished with stitched belts. Wonderful bargains are the order of the day; in the domain of stockings, for instance, those of lisle thread with openwork clox are 2s. per pair, and fancy cashmere work sports hose are 5s. 11d. Neither must it be overlooked that there are figured voiles 38-40 in. wide for 1s. 9½d. per yard.

## Furs at Summer Prices.

All intelligent women will make a point of visiting Bradley's (Chepstow Place, W.) fur department at the very earliest opportunity as summer prices prevail; they definitely end on September 13. There is a catalogue entirely devoted to furs; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Remodelling work is executed at special prices during the summer months. Handsome coats of seal musquash are 49 guineas, while those of beige dyed squirrel are 59 guineas. Very decorative and so becoming are the galialc lamb coats, dyed black or brown, collared with Russian ermine for 53 guineas. Wonderful value is present in the fur-trimmed wraps for day as well as for evening wear. Furthermore there is a host of possibilities to explore in the domain of stoles and other fur accessories.

## Made to Order at Special Prices.

According to their usual custom, Bradleys, Chepstow Place, are making to order at special prices during their sale, which begins on Monday next, July 7, and continues throughout the month. Illustrations of two autumn tailored-suits appear in the catalogue; it will be sent gratis and post free. Among the many other bargains is a tailored-suit in navy gabardine for 5 guineas; it was 16 guineas, and of course there are more expensive models whose prices have been submitted to equally drastic reductions. Pull-on felt hats with tucked crowns are



*Summer prices prevail in the Fur Department at Bradley's, Chepstow Place; the coat pictured is of Persian lamb. The stole is of Japanese fox, and is 7½ guineas, and is destined to be worn with tailored suits; in beige dyed red fox it is 11½ guineas*



12s. 11d. The value present in the Parisian models must be seen to be appreciated. Furthermore, there are bath wraps from 30s., dressing-gowns, 89s. 6d., and boudoir sets from 63s.

## For Two Weeks Only.

Robinson and Cleaver's (Regent Street, W.) sale is for two weeks only, so that an early visit must be paid to this establishment. Included in it are dresses partnered with short coats for 49s. 6d.; they are expressed in silk Shantung. Then there are printed Irish linen dresses for 14s. 11d. Two-piece suits in knitted artificial silk and wool are 79s. 6d., while Irish tweed rug-coats are 59s. 9d. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that cotton crêpon night-dresses are 3s. 11d., and coloured cambric ones are 5s. 11d. Full details regarding the bargains available in household and other linens will be found in the illustrated catalogue sent gratis and post free.

## A Genuine Sale.

No one will cavil at the statement that Gooch's (Knightsbridge, S.W.) is a genuine sale. Included in it are flowered voile frocks for 10s., original price 17s. 9d.; they have pleated frills of plain voile at neck and cuffs; the bodices are semi-fitting and the skirts are flared. There is a collection of smart coats for 60s.; original prices 4 guineas to 6½ guineas; they are carried out in wool georgette, silk, and romaine, as well as light-weight tweed. The entire stock of underwear has been greatly reduced in price, lawn night-gowns and cotton dressing-gowns being 7s. 6d. each. Neither must it be overlooked that there is a collection of smart bridge coats in a variety of materials and styles for £2, usual price £2, and then there are lace coatees suitable for afternoon or evening wear for 25s.

## A Sale of Many Interests.

No one can possibly cavil at the statement that H. J. Nicoll's (Regent Street, W.) sale is one of many interests; the catalogue must be carefully studied ere a visit is paid; it will be sent gratis and post free. It is splendid news that a reduction of 15 per cent. is made off the ordinary prices in the made-to-measure section. In the ready-to-wear department there are coats in a variety of materials for 42s.; tweed ones trimmed with fur being 5 guineas. Tailored suits in plain navy, herringbones, and diagonals are 2 guineas, and sleeveless tuck-in blouses in georgeline are 14s. 11d.; a rich harvest may be reaped in day and evening gowns as well as in headgear; equally drastic reductions have been made in the requirements for men, which is indeed welcome news.

## A Special Exhibition.

It is indeed splendid news that Mappin and Webb, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street, are holding a special exhibition of new canteens and tables in oak, mahogany, and walnut with Prince's Plate fittings in a variety of styles to suit the furniture of the rooms. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that they are in a position to create canteen cabinets to suit their customers' requirements. Neither must it be overlooked that there is a splendid assortment of luncheon and tea cases.



# MAPPIN & WEBB

London.

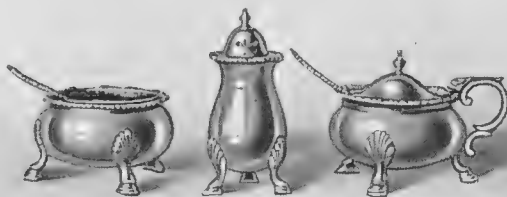
156-162, Oxford St., w.1. 2, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. 172, Regent St., w.1.

PARIS. ROME. MONTREAL.

BUENOS AIRES. SAO PAULO. ETC.

## Wedding Gifts

Quality is the only criterion of value, and the ultimate test of quality is in time and use. That is why "Mappin" Gifts are so deservedly popular. Requests are cordially invited for a copy of the new Wedding Gift Catalogue, post free to any address.



B 4911. Sterling Silver Condiment Set, with Glass Linings. Large size.  
Salt Cellar and Spoon ... £1 10 0  
Mustard Pot and Spoon ... 2 5 0  
Pepper Pot ... 1 5 0



25282. Prince's Plate Octagonal Cake Basket, pierced and mounted.  
9½ in. diam. £2 12 6



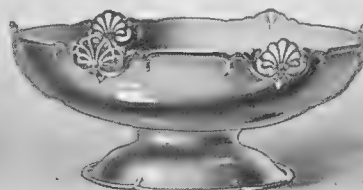
22104. Sterling Silver Tea Service.  
Teapot, 1½ pints. Service complete (3 pieces.) £12 15 0  
21877. Sterling Silver Salver.  
10½ in. diam., £11 5 0 12 in. diam., £16 16 0  
14 in. diam., £23 10 0



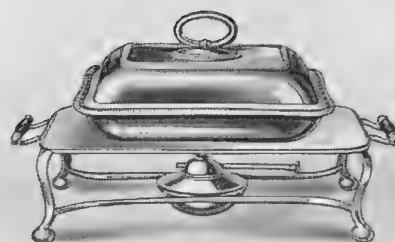
22103. Hand-pierced and Mounted Sterling Silver Fruit Salad Bowl, with Opal Glass Lining.  
8½ in. diam., £10 10 0  
Sterling Silver Salad Spoon and Fork. £3 5 0



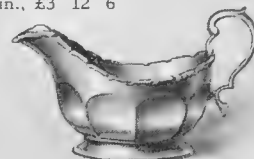
25442. Prince's Plate Cocktail Tray, with 6 Glasses, gilt Cockerels.  
£4 10 0  
With fine English Cut Glasses.  
Prince's Plate ... £5 0 0  
Sterling Silver ... £22 10 0



22074. Sterling Silver Dessert Stand. 8 in. diam.  
£5 5 0



26380. Prince's Plate and Aluminium Heating Stand.  
11 in. x 7 in. ... £3 5 0  
15 in. x 9 in. ... 4 0 0  
18 in. x 9 in. ... 4 15 0  
20354. Prince's Plate Entrée Dish  
Length, 10½ in., £3 12 6



B 5068. Sterling Silver Sauce Boat, with panelled body and mounted edge.  
£2 10 0



20490. Cocktail Shaker, with Strainer and Spout.  
Prince's Plate Sterling Silver.  
1 pint £1 10 0 £7 0 0  
1½ " 2 5 0 7 15 0  
2 " 2 17 6 9 5 0  
3 " 3 15 0 12 15 0



C 500. Mahogany Cabinet, containing 4 Table Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Soup Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Sauce Ladles, 6 Table Knives, 6 Cheese Knives (Stainless Steel Blades and "Tusca" (Regd.) Handles), 1 pr. Meat Carvers (ordinary Steel), 1 Knife Sharpener, 6 prs. Fish Knives and Forks.  
In Prince's Plate, Rat-tail pattern ... £12 15 0  
" " Chelsea (Regd.) pattern 13 10 0  
" " Pembury (Regd.) 13 15 0



## Without Protection—continued

disappeared recently. Not that we can keep tab of everyone in the North. It's a big country and harbours many people who prefer to remain unknown. The result of the check-up was that no known person had died that summer, but, most significant, no one had ever heard of an old prospector named Martin.

"That made me think a bit. I tackled Ripley about it; asked him why either he or Kearson had not reported at once when Martin had died. He replied that the gold fever had got into them and they hated to waste the time, considering that on their way out in the fall would be sufficient. His answer didn't satisfy me. It raised the question in my mind as to whether the grave he had shown me as being Martin's wasn't just part of his scheme. In short, I doubted the old prospector part of his yarn from that moment. Later investigation proved that grave to be empty, but that fact was not learned until months later, as by then the frost was in the ground, and several feet of snow made it impossible to open the hole."

The sergeant smoked quietly for a few minutes, then suddenly shot off at a tangent.

"Hereson! How do you dope out your detective yarns?"

"Why . . ." Hereson's face registered surprise, "I try to get into the skins of my characters. Think as they would think."

The Mountie nodded.

"That is the way I try to work out real cases," he said. "Murder is a grave charge. Official executions are awful affairs. I had charged a man with murder. I wanted to give him every chance to prove his innocence if he was innocent. I tried my damndest to get his view-point. But the more I thought about it the worse it looked for him."

"A chap who worked at a crematorium once told me the terrific heat it requires to reduce a corpse to ashes. There is not one case on record of human bodies being *totally* destroyed in burning buildings. Few people know of this fact. I came to the conclusion that the old prospector had never existed, that Ripley and Kearson had happened on a claim by chance, and that when it petered out Ripley had shot his partner, then attempted to hide all traces of his crime by trying to destroy the body with fire. Noting, after the fire had died down, that there yet remained charred remains, in a panic he had paddled to my post, concocting the story he had told me on the way."

"A sound hypothesis," Hereson agreed.

"That is what I thought," the Mountie resumed, "but I was wrong. Just the same, I told Ripley my conclusions. I urged him to come clean

and admit that he had quarrelled and fought with his partner. Had shot him. If he would I would reduce the charge to manslaughter. He stuck to his version of the affair. It sounded so highly improbable I lost patience with the man. A few weeks later I took him outside to Edmonton to stand his trial.

"I was the chief witness; the Crown prosecutor made ten points out of every word I said. It was awful the way he hammered home each point.

"The accused had been found to be in the possession of, gold, food, a loaded .22 rifle, and a canoe. Means to kill and run. Instead of taking flight he had attempted the safest plan, remained in the district and himself brought the police to the scene of the crime. Such an act proved that the prisoner had planned his awful crime with consummate nerve and skill. For months, for reasons of personal gain, he had schemed to murder his partner. The story the accused had told to the police was absurd. Gad!" Morgan mopped his forehead, "I can hear that prosecutor speaking yet; still see the faces of the jurymen."

"Ripley had a good defence Counsel and the chap did his best. But he hadn't an argument left after the prosecution got through. He argued that the post-mortem had been performed by a policeman without the slightest training in medicine. He tried other arguments. He then tried to get the charge reduced to manslaughter; stated that his client had admitted to quarrelling with his partner. It was useless. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder and Ripley was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. As is usual in Canada, the date for the execution was set three months ahead—February 11, to be exact."

"I was commended for my good work and given thirty days' leave. I decided to spend my vacation in Edmonton and have my teeth attended to. I went to my usual dentist. While working on me he talked a lot about the case. He told me one thing which gave me a terrible shock. He informed me that no matter how badly a corpse is burned, it is rarely sound teeth are destroyed. I had hardly glanced at the jaws of the remains I had found."

"After thinking the matter over I hastened to the jail at Fort Saskatchewan where Ripley was confined. He was very decent to me. He told me that Kearson had possessed a perfect set of teeth. Also, though, he added that there was no doubt in his mind but that the charred remains I had found were those of his late partner. That last remark made me wonder if he was on the point of breaking down and confessing. I talked to him for a long time, but he persisted he was innocent. I did not believe him."

"I had been back at my post about two months when I was notified that the date of Ripley's execution had been set forward to permit further

(Continued on p. vi)

CABINETS AND CANTEENS.  
FITTED FINEST QUALITY  
SILVER-PLATED SPOONS  
AND FORKS, AND CUTLERY.

Asprey  
Bond St London

IDEAL WEDDING GIFTS.

WRITE FOR  
NEW CATALOGUE.



Polished Mahogany Cabinet. Fitted "Rat-tail" or "Old English" pattern Spoons and Forks and Xylonite Handled Stainless Steel Table Cutlery. For 12 persons.

30.0.0

With Ivory Handled Cutlery 38.10.0



Handsome Walnut Table Cabinet. Fitted finest quality Silver-plated "Louis Seize" pattern Spoons and Forks. Ivory Handled Table Cutlery and Fish Eaters. Pearl Handled Dessert Knives and Forks.

213 pieces for 12 persons.

97.10.0



Fumed Oak Canteen. Finest quality Silver-plated Spoons and Forks, and Xylonite Handled Stainless Steel Table Cutlery. For 6 persons.

10.0.0

SPECIAL DESIGNS  
AND  
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**"THE NEW TAILORING"**

*—the fit is assured when you  
choose clothes instead of cloth*



# AUSTIN REED'S

OF REGENT STREET



## Without Protection—continued

investigation of the case. It appears that Ripley's Counsel had appealed on the grounds that the autopsy of the remains had been made by a man unskilled in medicine, myself, and the Court of Appeal had upheld him. The news brought me wonderful relief. After all, I had taken it for granted that the remains I had found were those of Kearson, but I would feel better if the fact were proven by men trained in the medical profession. But what puzzled me was, if the remains were not those of Kearson, then whose were they?

"But, as I said, I was wonderfully relieved. I wanted to see the jaw-bones of the corpse myself. Also, I wanted to open the grave supposed to contain the body of an aged prospector named Martin.

"In June the chief surgeon of the northern detachments, accompanied by a private doctor and Ripley's Counsel, arrived at my post. I took them to the scene of the crime. I insisted that we open the grave supposed to contain Martin's remains first. It was, as I had thought, empty. Ripley's Counsel, who had hammered me all through the trial, paled a bit at that. We then opened the other grave. It contained the remains I had found in the charred embers of the shack. In the clearing the two medical men held their post-mortem. It was then my turn to pale. The upper and lower jaws contained *not one single tooth!*"

Hereson gulped, said: "But Morgan, that meant nothing. You had only the word of a man fighting to save his neck from the gallows that his partner had perfect teeth."

"Yes," agreed the sergeant. "But the medical report stated that victims of scurvy almost invariably lose their teeth before they die."

"Good God!" exclaimed Hereson, understanding showing in his eyes.

"Exactly," the sergeant went on. "Inconceivably ghoulis, eh? I worked frantically from then on. I got a full description of Kearson from

Ripley and had it circulated. Weeks later he was picked up in England. He broke down and confessed to what we already suspected. He had dug up Martin's corpse, put a bullet through the skull, then placed it in the shack and set fire to the building."

"He had committed an almost perfect crime. He had avoided suspicion by having substituted a corpse and a few personal trinkets which would lead the police to believe that the body was that of himself. He had left the canoe behind and made his way outside by the simple procedure of walking about a hundred miles up-stream to a native camp. There he chartered a canoe and two Indian paddlers. He changed his name and reported at some of our river posts on his way to rail-head. As there was no hue and cry out for a man corresponding to his appearance, he was treated with the courtesy accorded any other traveller."

"But wait," interrupted Hereson. "What was the 'tiny oversight' he made? You'll recall you mentioned that at the beginning of your story?"

"Simple enough," replied the Mountie; "he had substituted the body of an aged *toothless* man for his own."

Hereson grunted, leaned forward, said: "But now for the point of your whole story. Who is the man *without protection?*"

Sergeant Morgan chuckled.

"Why, Kearson, of course. You'll remember that Ripley had been brought to trial for murdering a man named Kearson. Had been found guilty and sentenced to the gallows. The discovery that Kearson was still alive, and the confession that Kearson made, caused the law to have Ripley's sentence quashed. Under our law, if a man has his sentence quashed he cannot be tried and sentenced again for the same crime.

"Kearson was tried and sentenced on two counts—robbery and machination. He served a few years and is again a free man. If Ripley killed Kearson to-morrow the law could not touch him. Because of the near perfection of his crime Kearson is absolutely *without protection.*"

Followed thoughtful silence.



Hay Wrightson

### MISS MARJORIE CLEMENTS

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Dean Clements, and one of this Season's débutantes. She was presented at the First Court. In a previous issue Miss Clements' name was wrongly appended to a photograph which represented someone else. We greatly regret the mistake

## Notes from Here and There

### Alliance of Modernity and Tradition.

There is much more in a good perfume than its fragrance; it must in a subtle manner express the individuality of the woman who uses it. Now, in Yardley's Lavender there is a fresh fragrance and, although it is surrounded with ancient traditions it is decidedly modern.



There is a wonderful freshness about Yardley's Lavender, whose G.H.Q. is 8, Old Bond Street, W., and although it is surrounded with ancient traditions it is decidedly modern

who has passed her third decade and distinction to the woman who is standing on the threshold of the autumn of life. It is not however the perfume that is used at fashionable indoor functions; something more sophisticated is needed there. Yardley's Lavender is essentially for the outdoor woman who, when she has sprinkled a few drops on her handkerchief and a soupçon behind her ears, imagines that a spray of freshly-cut lavender is secreted about her. Jassamine, o'Devon, and April Violets are among Yardley's other specialities.

### Luxurious Orchis.

The spartan dietary of many women is responsible for their demand for what may be termed luxurious and exotic perfumes. Yardley's (8, Old Bond Street, W.) appreciating this fact have created a new perfume, Orchis; it expresses luxury, nevertheless it is wonderfully fresh and fragrant, as there is no more beautiful flower than the orchid there is nothing more exquisite in the land of perfumes than Orchis; it is endowed with a unique attribute, and that is, of adapting itself to the individuality of the user. It is sold in 6s. 3d., 10s. 6d., and 19s. 6d. crystal bottles.

### Needs of Beauty.

Every need in the quest of beauty is available at the house of Francis, 3, Hanover Square, W.; there are perfumes that are subtle, fragrant, and individual, the latest recruit to the battalion being Maison Francis No. 5; it is impossible to do justice to its fascination in words. Now regarding the care of the hair which is undoubtedly the most important thing of all, it is no exaggeration to state that just as a sculptor moulds his clay, so the deft fingers of a Francis artist restores youth to the hair.



The art of permanently waved hair is shown in this coiffure, which was treated at the Maison Francis, 3, Hanover Square, W. Notice the soft, undulating effect of the waves at the side, giving an attractive and natural effect



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**HEALTH**  
in it!



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**DRY GIN**

**BEFORE EVERYTHING**  
*for the good of your health*



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BOOTH'S DRY AND SODA WATER

BOOTH'S DRY AND GINGER BEER

AND THE FINEST APPETISER —

BOOTH'S DRY AND 'IT' .....

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# MORLEY SILK STOCKINGS

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## Topics of Varied Interest

### Suggestions for Successful Picnics.

Picnics are by no means the haphazard affairs that many imagine them; in order to make them a success they have to be carefully planned, and it is advisable to consider the tastes of the guests. To-day the motor-picnic is popular, as nothing has to be carried by hand, and it is wonderful the number of things that may be stowed away in a car. The ambition of everyone is to own a luncheon and tea basket; nevertheless carriers of American cloth with a white washable lining are excellent substitutes. Thermos flasks take the place of the once ubiquitous kettle and spirit stove, and for this all-picknickers are truly thankful. It is a good thing to include an extra Thermos flask, filling it with pieces of ice, as it is always welcome at an alfresco meal.

### Thirst-allaying Drinks.

The subject of drinks is of the utmost importance, as something must be chosen that will allay thirst. There is really nothing serves this purpose better than Crosse and Blackwell's lemon cup or orange cup, which is made from fresh fruit. A little water and a piece of ice must be added to the same. Hot coffee to which milk has been added can be carried in a Thermos flask when needed, or it can be taken cold with a lump of ice.

### Sandwiches that are Different.

It is a great mistake to imagine that sandwiches must be made of meat; as a matter of fact everyone should study Crosse and Blackwell's fillings, some being of potted meat, for sandwiches; there are



Picture by Blake

*Planning a picnic is by no means as easy a task as it appears, as there are so many things to be considered. The problem is simplified when Crosse and Blackwell's specialities are used. They are delicious, and the drinks, including lemon-cup, are genuine thirst-quenchers*

nearly three score. The list will be sent gratis and post free on application to this firm at Soho Square. Then there is an excellent tomato catsup; a little added to the filling is a great improvement. Some, however, may prefer salad cream; it must not be used too freely, but just as a moistening. This firm's galantine of ham and tongue is delicious, and not only is it to be recommended for sandwiches, but it is an ideal supper dish. As there are many who enjoy nothing better than salmon and lobster, it must be related that this firm have devoted great care with regard to the tinning of the same. It is interesting to note that the bloater-paste is in old-world jars, the covers of which are regarded with favour by collectors of *objets d'art*.

### Jelly Tablets and Pineapple Cubes.

Jelly is a delicacy that is more often than not overlooked by the picnic providers. Slices of fruit should be added to jelly that has been made with Crosse and Blackwell's tablets. It must not be taken from the mould, but served in it; even on the hottest day it will travel perfectly. As everyone knows, jelly is very refreshing and allays thirst. A perfect finish is some crystallized ginger or pineapple cubes, which from time to time may be varied with Toblerone chocolate. Crosse and Blackwell's kitchen in Soho Square is world-renowned, as not only are there courses in cookery, but single lessons in the things that women really want to know about. It is an excellent plan to have a lesson in making sandwiches.

## ON LIQUID REFRESHMENT

★ ★ ★

*"How gracious these dews of Solace  
That over my senses fall  
At the clink of the ice in the tumbler  
The boy brings up the hall."*

Field

★ ★ ★

These "dews of Solace" are always on tap, if you are the lucky possessor of a Frigidaire.

And really, you know, the baby's milk or the He-man's Hock is equally the better for being kept in the cool of a Frigidaire—always well below 50°!

Then there are the delightful transformations that Frigidaire's ice-making ability can effect in ordinary items of the menu. Many a harried wife has saved dinner from disaster by To-day's Bright Thought—frozen mousse instead of baked custard.

Quite apart from one's own household, guests seem to evince a strong preference for the hostess who can produce really cold drinks after tennis or at a hop.

In fact, now that a Frigidaire can be installed for so little, it's advisable to get busy quickly, if one's social status is to remain in *statu quo*.

★ ★ ★

### THE NEW HYDRATOR

This is an advantage you get only in Frigidaire—a special compartment for fresh vegetables, called the Hydrator, in which a *moist*, instead of dry, cold is maintained. Even wilted vegetables revive in here! You don't know how good and flavourful the humblest vegetable can be till you've tried the effect of the Hydrator. It gives them that "straight from the garden" taste and appearance. It's invaluable for keeping sandwiches fresh, too. Write for full particulars of the latest Frigidaires. Use the coupon.

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## Polo Notes—continued

Roark). However the final order of battle is in very safe hands. The only fear some of us have, so far as Mr. Lacey is concerned, is this: whether his weight will not be a great handicap. I do not know exactly what Mr. Elmer Boeseke's weight is, but I am told that he is just about the same build as Mr. Watson-Webb and an even better horseman. Mr. Winston Guest we know is no baby size, and a very strong and tough proposition, and Mr. Hitchcock and young Mr. Hopping are also as we know good middle-weights. Mr. Lacey will be giving away a lot of weight to everybody in the American team. For this reason I would sooner see Mr. Aidan Roark our back and a strong No. 1 like Captain R. George in the front end. As an American writer, whose words of wisdom I published last week, said, for International polo you want 'em tough, and America has from all accounts and on past form revelations taken appropriate measures. In those Argentine v. America matches in 1928 Mr. Lacey and others of his team found out exactly what "tough" means. It has an additional meaning to the accepted English one. I think Captain George is more fitted to make better weather of American "toughness" than is Mr. Lacey, and as a No. 1 of course Captain George is far superior and, as his Central India Horse record shows us, is an interchangeable No. 2. I think America picked our team for us last year after the American Open, and that the revised selection of May 31 of this year was an error. America's first choice—last September—was like this: Captain George (1), Mr. Gerald Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. Aidan Roark (back). In May this year they said we "could lift the Cup" playing Mr. L. L. Lacey No. 1—the rest as placed in 1929. The latter selection and placing has proved definitely a mistake, whereas what happened in our 4th Trial Match at Hurlingham on May 24, when we played the first team America picked for us, i.e., with Captain George No. 1, worked well. This combination was not persevered with, and after it experiments with Mr. Lacey at No. 1 were made. They have not proved a success. Mr. Lacey has shown that he is quite ineffective in that position, but a success at back.



THE REST v. ENGLAND

The team which was beaten by the selected English International team 8 to 4 at Ranelagh. The names, left to right, are: Mr. S. Sanford, the Marquis of Villabragima, Colonel P. K. Wise, and Mr. J. A. E. Traill

The man who Ploughs the Ocean has not been called "The Handy-Man" for nothing, and from what we have seen of the Blue-jackets team in London so far, it is obvious that the Senior Service is looking far into the future, and preparing to prove to the world that a certain distinguished cavalry regiment (the 17th) is not solely entitled to the sobriquet of "The Horse Marines." As our modern breed of politician has permitted certain "slim" gents to pull the wool over his eyes and persuade him to scrap our fleet down below safety point, the Navy as I visualize things is taking measures appropriate to fitting itself to fight on shore, and as cavalry amongst other things. It is the popular idea that no sailor, however good he may be at riding the foaming main, is any use on a horse. Nothing could be stupider. From the days of Lord Charles Beresford, and even before, there have been some cracking good performers from the Navy. Lord Charles they always said was better than either of his brothers, even than Lord Bill, who took a power of stopping and was the most desperately brave man I have ever struck. Every one of this Bluejacket team rides well and hits the ball, and also with that thoroughness typical of their Service only too obviously, has made an intelligent study of tactics under a full head of steam. They beat the Blues in their first tie in the Inter-Regimental very decisively, and deserved to do so. They may not have any more than a 33 to 1 chance to win this tournament, but I believe that they may go a lot farther than some. This has got to leave me before they meet the Gunners. Anyhow good luck and felicitations upon a sporting venture.

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## Pictures in the Fire—continued

polished horse-shoe flying skyward as they get the pace on and fair slip them. But if we do I hope someone won't go and put a legend under it like the one they did under a *Mahomedan* squadron drilling with swords drawn on their parade ground during the war. This was what they said about it:

A squadron of our brave Sikhs, charging the enemy and waving their keen-edged *chilamchis* and shouting their well-known war cry of "Hut jao barnshoot!" which means "Allah is with us!"

A *chilamchi* has not got a "keen edge," because it is a utensil and would be rather uncomfortable if it had, and "*Hut jao*" means "cle'r the track," and the rest I won't tell you, because it isn't quite proper; but it has nothing to do with Allah, or Mahomet, his Prophet!

\* \* \*

Brigadier-General T. H. S. Le Marchant, that extremely popular polo manager of Hurlingham, and who is the Secretary of the Institute of the Horse, has kindly sent me some detail about the junior branch which is called the Pony Club, and in which, naturally, he takes a great



Frank O'Brien

COLONEL AND MRS. COLMAN AND MAJOR PEACOCK

At the Midleton, Co. Cork, Show a bit ago. Midleton is in the United country and is a grand spot for the right class of hunter. Colonel Colman is the new Joint-Master of the Belvoir, and Major Peacock of Scalford, Melton, is a very well-known judge in the show ring

interest. The object of the Pony Club is to encourage young people to ride and enjoy all kinds of sport connected with horses and riding, while offering the opportunity of receiving instruction of a higher class and on more orthodox lines than many can obtain individually. The club is open to all girls and boys under seventeen years of age, and it has done most excellent work both in actual instruction in riding and in doing a bit more, namely, teaching the Young Idea what to do and what it should not do when it gets forward enough to go out hunting. This I think is a most admirable thing, and there are many who are over seventeen who might learn a bit if they were well-advised. Already there are some twenty clubs in various parts of England, and many others are being formed. Each member is given a registered badge to be worn on all occasions when members meet together. Rallies are held from time to time, when some form of mounted sports or competitions take place, but on all such occasions at least ten minutes must be devoted to instruction of some kind. Pony clubs are already established in the following hunts: Belvoir, Berkshire (South), Cotswold, Cottesmore, Craven, Eridge, Epsom Drag, Essex, Fernie, Grafton, Isle of Wight, Ludlow, Meynell, Old Berks, Oxford (South), Quorn, Shropshire (North), Shropshire (South), Old Surrey and Burstow, Warwickshire, and Wynnstay. All these are under the control of the Institute of Horse, and are doing good work and providing at the same time any amount of fun. Good luck to General Le Marchant and all those concerned with him in carrying it on. In one hunt, the Grafton, many non-hunting farmers are buying ponies for their children and becoming members. A dinner was held in London last week in connection with this excellent movement.

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*Jantzen*  
The suit that changed  
bathing to swimming







MISS DOROTHY O'NEILL

The elder daughter of Lieut. Colonel P. L. O'Neill C.I.E., I.M.S., and Mrs. O'Neill of Calicut, whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. Ewan Moore Gawne, I.C.S.

### Marrying this Month.

On July 19 Mr. Peter Banes-Walker is marrying Miss Sonia Cotter at Filkins Church; Mr. Michael Stratton and Miss Anne Drummond have fixed the 15th for their marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square; early in the month—the 8th—sees the wedding of Flight-Lieut. J. D. I. Hardman, D.F.C., Royal Air Force, and Miss Dorothy Ashcroft-Thompson, which is to be at St. George's Hanover Square; Mr. Stephen Chaplin and Miss Mildred S. Hawkins are being married on the 10th at St. Peter's Church, Eton Square.

### To-day's Wedding.

To-day, July 2, Mr. Humphrey T. Pledge and Miss Mary Arnoldi are being married at St. Michael's, Chester Square.

## Weddings and Engagements

### Recent Engagements.

Colonel David Leslie, late the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, and Miss Joan Lloyd, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lloyd of Chetwynd Grove, Wrexham: Lieutenant Hubert Victor Perry McClintock, Royal Navy, the elder son of the late Mr. H. V. McClintock of Seskinore, Co. Tyrone, and Mrs. McClintock of Portlaw, Co. Waterford, and Miss Margery Frances

Earle Ilbert, the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Ilbert of Bowringsleigh, Kingsbridge, Devon; Captain Malcolm Murray, R.N. (Retd.), youngest son of the late Mr. James W. Murray of Mosstown, Longford, Ireland, and Miss Nina Hargreaves, the elder daughter of the late Mr. Arthur S. Hargreaves and Mrs. Hargreaves of Beel House, Amersham Common; Mr. Roy Denville Jones, L.D.S.,

ANGUS FAITH  
MRS. ALAN MELLER

Whose marriage to Mr. Alan E. B. Meller, the son of Mr. R. J. Meller, M.P., and Mrs. Meller, took place on June 3. She was formerly Miss Joy Hopper, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sydney Hopper of Wallington, Surrey



A WEDDING IN PENANG

A photograph taken after the wedding of Lieut.-Commander L. F. Hopkinson, R.N. (Rtd.), and Miss Violet Tomlins, which took place in Penang on May 15. Left to right: Standing—Mr. H. E. Robertson, Lieut. F. Spilman, R.N. (Rtd.), and the Rev. Keppel Garnier; sitting—Miss Esme Lowe, Mrs. L. F. Hopkinson, Lieut.-Commander L. F. Hopkinson, R.N. (Rtd.), and Mrs. C. Tomlins

the second son of the late Mr. R. D. Jones and Mrs. Jones of Underdale Road, Shrewsbury, and Miss Edith Bickerton, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. G. H. Bickerton and Mrs. Bickerton of Stonehurst, Shrewsbury; Mr. Peter Thorp Eckersley, the son of the late Mr. William Eckersley of Tyldesley and Lowton, Lancashire, and Miss Audrey Estelle Ljufing Hyde Johnson, the younger daughter of Mrs. Hyde Johnson of 20, Gledhow Gardens, S.W.; Lieut. Gilbert L. Baily, R.N., second son of the late Mr. F. Baily and of Mrs. Baily of Yew Cottage, Ufford, Suffolk, and Miss Peggy Jolly, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Jolly of Weymouth, Dorset; Mr. Harold D. Still, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Still of 19, Cadogan Gardens, S.W., and Miss Grizel Douglas-Watson of Constantinople.

# Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

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# SUNBURN MENACES YOUR BEAUTY

**Y**EARS alone do not age the face—exposure and neglect are the real culprits. And of all the seasons, summer exacts the severest toll of beauty.

I cannot repeat too often the warning that sunburn presents a real danger to the skin. In your quest for health and freedom do not fail to guard your skin. Or too late you will wonder why your face has coarsened, why there are lines around your eyes, why you have aged . . . .

For many years I have struggled with the problem of protecting the outdoor woman's beauty. I have travelled to far-distant countries where the sun is merciless, to Egypt, India, Australia. I engaged in exhaustive research and tireless experimentation, seeking to discover a simple practical means of sunproofing skins.

It was under the parching sun of India that I achieved my goal—the Valaze sunproof creations. Creams, lotions, powder that make the skin immune to the sun. They have taught countless women to love the outdoors *wisely*.

Individual Advice—Because your skin is "different," it requires individual treatment. Come to my Salons for a scientific diagnosis and advice on the correct summer care of your skin. Given freely and with pleasure, or if you care, have a lesson treatment and learn to be your own specialist. Otherwise write to me describing your skin and I will prescribe a special summer home-treatment schedule for you.



Helena Rubinstein

**BLEMISHES**—Before starting for your holiday, let me remove any unsightly blemishes which distress you. Moles, warts, superfluous hair are removed by the quickest possible permanent method.

**SUNPROOF YOUR SKIN**—with Valaze Sunproof Cream. Prevents painful unsightly sunburn and freckles. Essential to all who spend much time outdoors, including men and children. Excellent powder foundation, **5/6, 10/6**

**VALAZE SUNPROOF LOTION**—the perfect summer make-up foundation. Cools, refreshes, makes powder and rouge doubly adherent. Gives the skin a most flattering finish. Prevents sunburn, tan and freckles, **5/6, 10/6**

**CLEANSE—YOUTHIFY**—with the cooling youth-renewing Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream, **10/6, 20/-**

**REJUVENATE FACE & EYES** with Valaze Extrait—the rare anti-wrinkle lotion. A benediction to tired skins, **5/6, 10/6**

**CLEAR—ANIMATE**—with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, the skin-clearing masterpiece. Corrects sallowness, tan, freckles. Purifies and refines the skin, **4/6, 9/6**

**CORRECT & PREVENT SQUINT LINES**—Crowsfeet—with Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros). Excellent also for hands and throats, **5/6, 10/6**

**DROOPING CHIN—BAGGY EYES**—need Valaze Contour Jelly—the amazing muscle tightener, **4/6, 8/6**

**WASH AWAY BLACKHEADS**—contract large pores and normalize oily skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special **2/6, 4/6**

**CORRECT "SHINY NOSE"**—overcome oiliness and the disfiguring red lines, or broken veins on the sides of the nose and on the cheeks with Valaze Refining Lotion, **5/6, 10/6**

**TO SMARTLY ACCENT YOUR BEAUTY**—Water Lily Foundation—Rachel (**6/6, 11/6**). Makes powder and rouge doubly adherent. For dry skin, Valaze Balm Rose. A unique foundation which lends the skin a natural finish. Corrects Crowsfeet. **3/6, 6/6** Poudre Enchanté, the most exquisite Powder in the world (**6/6, 12/6**). Red Raspberry Rouge for daytime, Red Geranium for evening, **4/6**. Cubist Lipsticks to match, **5/6**

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## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

At the recent meeting of the Executive it was decided to accept the offer of Olympia for our Open Show on May 13 and 14 next year. Olympia is the best place in the British Isles for a show, and I hope all members will begin getting their puppies ready to make their debut there next year.

That ever-popular outdoor show, Richmond, takes place on July 8. Our members judging are: Mrs. Nagle, Irish wolfhounds; Miss Bowring, Afghans; Lady Faudel-Phillips, Chows; Mrs. Pacey, poodles and Salukis; Lady Portman, Border terriers; Miss Bruce, Cairns; Miss Hatrick, pugs. Given a fine day Richmond is a delightful outing.

I am always drawing the attention of members to the advantages to their kennels of being noticed in THE TATLER. THE TATLER penetrates all over the world; I believe I am right in saying it is taken by every mess in the Empire; and members have told me they have sent dogs to out-of-the-way places which they would never have come in touch with without its aid. One of them to take advantage of this is Miss Trotter; she has now a promising kennel of Scotties which she has built up with great care. She sends a photograph of her good stud-dog Nunsmour Monk; Monk is a fine dog, a winner and a sire of winners. Miss Trotter usually has Scottie pups for sale, also brood bitches of good quality. With such a foundation she should do well.



CRANBOURNE DEWET VON RIGIBLICK  
The property of Mrs. Hornyold

Another breed whose popularity never wanes is the Cocker. They almost invariably head the classes at shows, and are seen everywhere as friends and companions to the "man in the street" and his wife and children. They deserve their position as they are extremely



MOUNTANE ARCHER  
The property of Mrs. Mountjoy Fane

specially active, clearing a gate with the greatest ease. Mrs. Hornyold has some puppies and young stock by him for sale.

Mrs. May is starting a kennel in Hertfordshire as an Ideal Holiday Home for Dogs and Cats. Mrs. May is a devoted animal lover and takes the greatest interest in her boarders, who have individual care and attention; in the case of any who fret she has them in the house. All dogs are also exercised on leads on the road. The kennels are new and built on the latest principles of sanitarianism. Mrs. May will be very pleased to show anyone over at any time. The kennels are near King's Langley, therefore quite near London.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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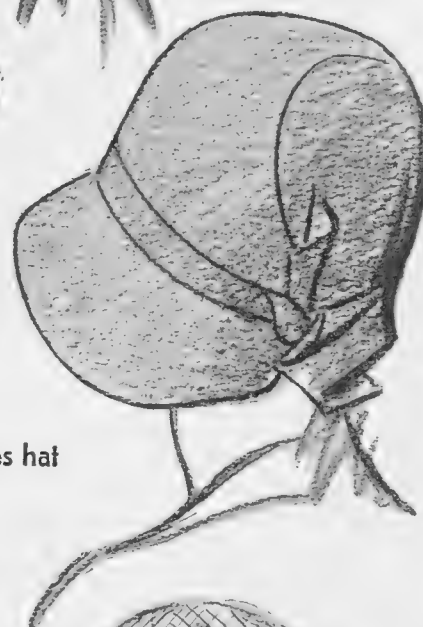
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## Petrol Vapour—continued

shall get away so smoothly, so gently, that we shall hardly know where the motion begins. But the engine is cold and there is a rise just ahead of us. What then, do we? Slip the pre-selector lever against the word "Third" and give a light kick against what would, quite erroneously, be supposed to be the clutch pedal. In absolute silence and certainly the gear is changed, and it does not matter how clumsy you are with your foot, you cannot get a jerk or a snatch out of this mechanism. Now we are running on third, but it is only the "revvs" of the motor that tell you it is anything different from top, since it is so noiseless. We are doing about twenty miles an hour, and just for fun we put the pre-selector lever against "Second" . . . and kick the pedal once more. There is neither jar nor jerk as we get into that gear. I am not going to say that this ratio is noiseless, because it isn't, but this I will say, that it is quieter than the "Second" of the ordinary four-speed gear-box. Well now, just for a test we will put the lever against the word "Reverse." We continue to go forward until we press on the gear-change pedal. Then the oil clutch pulls us up, and, lo and behold, we find ourselves stopping, stopped . . . and going backwards. It is all very marvellous. Well do I wot of the virtues of the self-changing gear and greatly do I admire those of the "fluid fly-wheel" (which, again, I protest is a misnomer), but the combination of the two is really staggering. I was telling Mrs. P. V. about it, and she said "You can describe it as wife-proof." But it is even more than that. You could take a husky farm-labourer, and fill him full with beer, and put him in charge of this new 20-30 Daimler, and give him *carte blanche* to work his evil will upon her, but so long as he kept to the road he would do her no harm, and he would never get a grash out of the gears. I see here the dawn of a new epoch. Gears at the finger tip, and a clutch that (like daddy with the latch-key in the early hours) lets itself in imperceptibly—these do constitute real progress in car-building, and I make no doubt they will get the appreciation they deserve.



Janet Jevons

MRS. REGINALD MARIX

Who was one of the members of the committee of the Midsummer Eve's Ball, which was given on June 23rd at the Ambassadors Club. Mrs. Marix has one son, Nigel, and is a granddaughter of the Marquis De Rovian

## It Comes True.

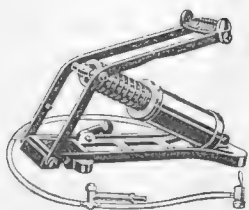
Years and years ago, indeed it was long before the War, a well-meaning pilgrim came to me with a lovely scheme for making millions out of supplying car-owners with garages (on the never-never system) with bee-utiful sectionalized garages. Even now I cannot forget the thrill that his figures gave me. The stuff was, he assured me, in existence. The demand was self-evident. A thousand pounds invested at that moment would enable me to spend the rest of my ill-regulated life in a most perfect leisure. All I should have to do would be to endorse my cheques, "I heartily endorse this cheque," and so on. Hence I gave the fellow a good honest drink and wished him well. It did seem a good idea—Mrs. P. V. was rather tickled with it—but right at the back of my mind there was a notion, grubbing away like an ant, that one of these days we should have no need for garages at all. There was weather-proof cellulose coming along. There was weather-proof chromium-plating. Every car was a saloon, and every car could have its windows wound up. Clearly it was only in winter-time that any cover was needed.

## An All-Weather Stalwart.

There has been staying with me for three weeks one whose saloon stands habitually out in the open, for the very good reason that no shelter can be found for him. Torrential rains have beaten upon his car. I would almost go so far as to say that lightning has struck it. But its cellulose is as beautifully glossy as it was the day it was sprayed, and its chromium-plating is at least equal to mine that has stood under a roof. So, I imagine, the enterprising builders of suburban dwellings, instead of providing accommodation will merely announce that inside the front gates there is room for a car to stand. Given a good thick rug—a blanket, shall we say, of "army pattern"—the modern car can look pretty well after itself. The car of this pal o' mine does not look a whit worse than those of mine, which have been attended to as though they were highly-perishable articles.

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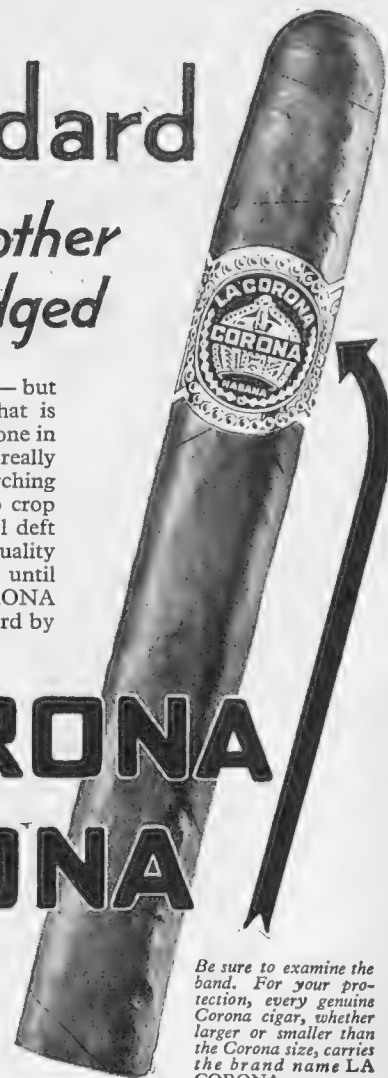
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## Motor Notes and News

A unique engine, embodying many novel features, has for some months, in great secrecy, been undergoing flying tests at the Royal Air Force experimental station at Martlesham Suffolk. This engine, details of



THE SINGER LIGHT SIX

Outside the Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, a favourite shooting and fishing rendezvous

which have just been released by the Air Ministry, has been built by D. Napier and Son, Ltd., of Acton, London, and was publicly demonstrated for the first time at the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon on Saturday. The new Napier engine is air-cooled. It has sixteen small cylinders arranged in four banks of four cylinders each in the formation of a capital H. It is supercharged, and develops approximately 300 h.p. for a weight of 620 lb. The novel design enables an engine to be built of much smaller dimensions than other air-cooled engines, and its use will undoubtedly revolutionize the design of aircraft for air-cooled motors, as it does not possess the serious disadvantage of the large head resistance of the radial type. Its tests have been carried out in a new type interceptor fighter built by the De Havilland Aircraft Company. This machine, a single-seater low-wing monoplane, is one of the fastest military machines in the world. It has a span of 32 ft. 2 in., a length of 24 ft. 6 in., and a height of 7 ft. 6 in., and its total weight is 2,300 lb.

That K.L.G. plugs were chosen for the great Bentley triumph at Le Mans is another proof of their efficiency. All of the Bentleys were K.L.G. equipped, and these included the two cars that took first and second place and also the 4½-litre super-charged Bentley, driven by Captain H. R. S. Birkin, that succeeded in smashing the lap record.

\* \* \*

The Automobile Association states that there appears to be a misapprehension on the part of many motorists, who think that the new French Customs Tariff will impose greatly increased financial obligations on the British motorist who wishes to visit France. The arrangements for the issue of triptyques and other Customs documents remain as before; that is to say, the motorist is able to arrange guarantees with the A.A., which relieve him of the necessity of depositing the cash value of his Customs obligation at the port of landing. Full particulars of the formalities are obtainable from the A.A.



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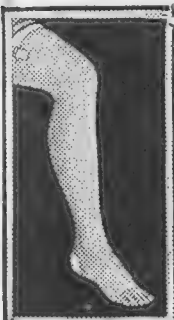
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## SPEECH DAY AT SHREWSBURY SCHOOL



Above—CANON SAWYER, LORD DARLING, AND LORD BRIDGEMAN. Right—THE M.C.C. XI WHICH DREW WITH SHREWSBURY SCHOOL

Canon Sawyer, who is in the group on the left, has been head-master of Shrewsbury since 1916, and Lord Bridgeman, who, incidentally, is an Old Etonian, is one of the Governors. Lord Darling was educated "privately." The match on Speech Day v. the M.C.C. was a draw. The names in the group are: Seated—D. W. Forbes, W. J. Taylor, M. M. McCanlis (captain), R. H. Routledge, and E. R. Sheepshanks; standing—Captain K. C. Raikes, T. Arnott, A. L. Murray, B. L. Ainsworth, H. E. H. Wright, L. A. Waghorn, and G. H. Beet

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**AIR EDDIES**—*continued from p. 14*

chances therefore, and quite apart from the popularity of the entry, Squadron-Leader Don may win. Two more entries need mentioning. Captain Stack will be flying a new Avro monoplane with Hermes engine, and Flying-Officer J. Summers will be flying the Vickers Vellore, entered by Sir Robert McLean. I know nothing of the Avro, but the more one looks at Sir Robert's entry the more it seems to fulfil the conditions of a King's Cup winner. Flying-Officer Summers will be carrying a navigator with him this year, and the machine is fully tried and known. Flying-Officer Summers and Captain C. D. Barnard will need careful watching. And with those vague statements I absolve myself from any further responsibility for who wins the King's Cup on Saturday at Hanworth.

\* \* \*

**Another London Aerodrome.**

On Monday, the 7th, Prince George will open the new aerodrome at Radlett, where Handley-Page's have built a shed, and to which they have transferred all their flying activities. This aerodrome is one of the best in the London area, and should be useful when dense smoke-fogs prevent pilots from flying closer in to central London. Meanwhile the old Handley-Page aerodrome at Cricklewood has been built over, so that the continual pushing of trees and grass farther and farther from central London proceeds. And at the same time the value of aircraft for

short-distance travel is diminished. The speculative builder is not only an enemy to health and to æsthetics, but also to aviation. It is astonishing that local authorities should be so completely blind or indifferent to the future possibilities of flying as to allow every inch of landing-ground within a five-miles, a ten-miles, and soon a twenty-miles radius of Charing Cross to be obliterated.

**EVE AT GOLF**—*continued from p. 44*

Harrogate (Starbeck) are going very strong in inter-club matches, having been unbeaten so far this season. Miss Fowler leads the side, followed by her sister, Mrs. Crane.

Midlothian are steadily progressing on their road to the Scottish county finals, and have just consolidated their position with a 6 to 1 win from Fife-shire at St. Andrews old course. Miss Fortune and Miss Maitland struggled nobly for the losers, only being beaten respectively 4 and 2, and at the 19th by Mrs. J. B. Watson and Miss Doris Park.

It is always good to see "Eve" Foursome prize-winners doing well, and Miss C. M. Park's 9 and 8 victory at the bottom of the Midlothian team seems to suggest that she will not long fill so lowly a position.



THE PEMBROKE BALL AT CAMBRIDGE

A group of the stewards and their guests at this always successful annual fixture

The names, left to right, are: Back row (standing)—Mr. R. J. A. Kaulback, Miss V. M. Pears, Miss P. I. Fordham, Mr. R. L. Williams, Miss Glanvill, Mr. D. Crichton-Miller; second row (standing)—Miss A. Simpson, Mr. T. P. Moll, Mr. K. G. Holden, Miss R. E. Gorton, Mr. W. F. H. Masters, Miss Verity, Mr. J. C. Christopherson, Miss C. Christopherson, Mr. B. B. N. Wood, Miss E. Murray-Wilson; sitting—Mr. L. M. Neame, Miss J. Forsyth, Mr. D. H. E. McCowen, Miss Florence Smith, Mr. G. C. A. Adams (Hon. Sec.), Miss R. Ballard, Mr. M. B. S. Bower, Miss E. Yeatman-Biggs, Mr. T. H. Tilling, Miss A. Kerr; on ground in front—Mr. F. A. de Marwick, Mr. C. F. Cox, Miss A. A. Stoeker, Miss E. M. H. Harsman, Mr. A. J. Stoeker

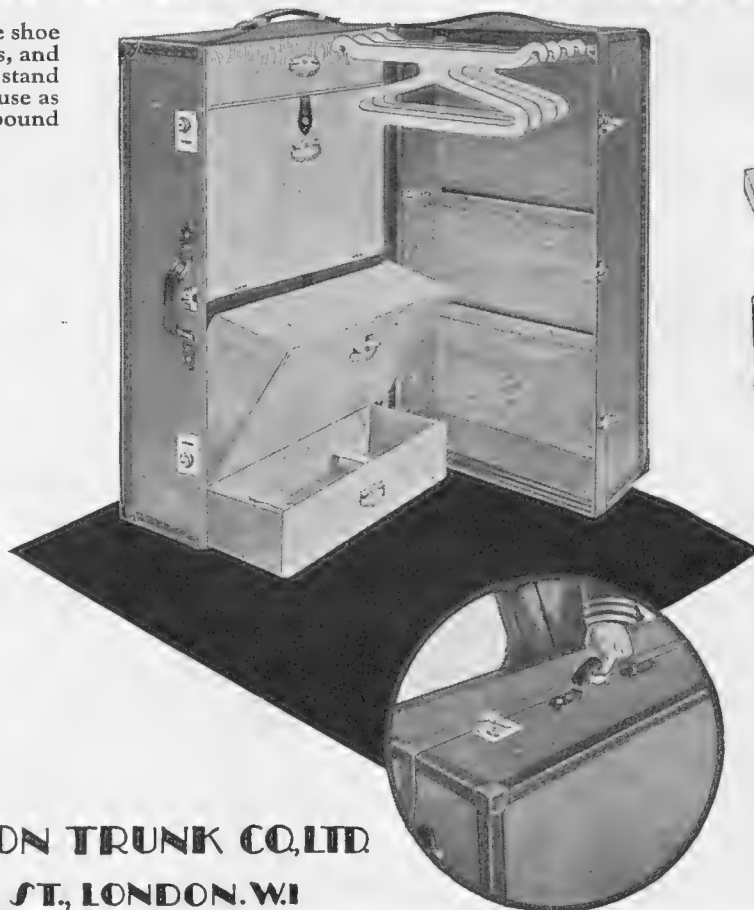
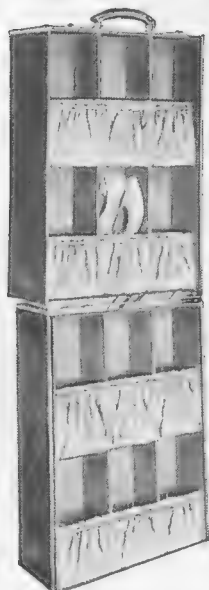
R. S. Crisp

*Amateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects are reminded that the Editor is glad to consider such and will pay the usual rates for any that are accepted*

# "Matched" Pieces of New Hand Luggage

This very light and portable shoe box holds 12 pairs of shoes, and is specially designed to stand upright—as illustrated—for use as a locker. In Blue Fabric, bound Vulcanised Fibre.

Price £3.15.0



A light-weight practical case with full-length accommodation for dresses, etc. Separate trays for hats, shoes and linen. In Blue Fabric, bound Vulcanised Fibre. Size 30×19×11 ins.

Price £5.17.6

A roomy well-fitted light-weight case built on the convenient "Wardrobe" principle. Holds all your requirements, and keeps each garment fresh and immaculate. In Blue Fabric, bound Vulcanised Fibre. Size 36×19×14 ins.

Price £8.18.6

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QUALITY  
COSTS NO  
MORE

**THE INNOVATION TRUNK CO., LTD**  
53, NEW BOND ST., LONDON. W.1



When walking, the greatest strain falls upon that part of the foot which does not rest upon the ground—that is, between the heel and the forepart of the shoe. This is the "Danger Point" at which nearly all foot troubles begin. To keep your feet young, vigorous, healthy, you must have additional support at the Danger Point. Church's "Arch-Moulded" Shoes contain the scientifically constructed supports you need, absolutely hidden.

## CHURCH'S ARCH-MOULDED SHOES

Support your feet at the danger point!

Obtainable from leading shoe stores.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE. CHURCH & CO. LTD., NORTHAMPTON

## FOR NIGHTS OF LUXURIOUS REST

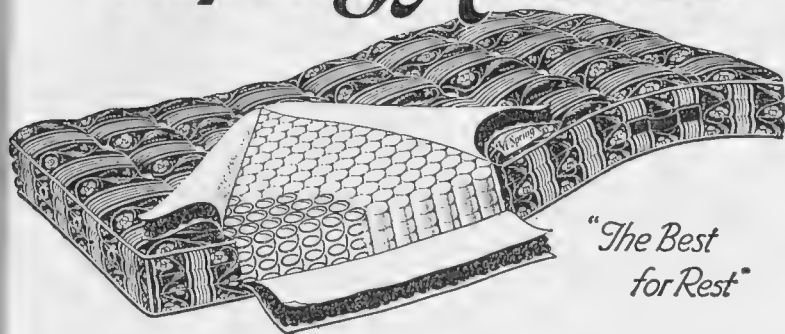
Where sleep is concerned, nothing gives such faithful service as the Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress. Year in, year out, the "Vi-Spring" continues to give that sleep-compelling comfort that makes every night a night of real refreshing rest, for its innumerable small springs never lose their soft resiliency.

For over 25 years the "Vi-Spring" has been acknowledged as the most comfortable and durable mattress ever made. It is the most widely used mattress for the equipment of the best-appointed homes, liners and hotels.

Sleep on a Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress—the Best for Rest and the Best for Service.

*now and  
years hence  
sleep on a*

## Vi-Spring Mattress



*"The Best  
for Rest"*

Sold by all reliable House Furnishers.

Beautifully illustrated catalogue, fully describing the "Vi-Spring," sent free on request.

THE MARSHALL PATENT MATTRESS CO., LTD.  
41, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W. 10

## Sure of Health and Energy.



Photo by Mabel Robey.

MISS ADRIENNE BRUNE,  
who is now playing in "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane, writes:—

"I am happy to say that Phosferine is a wonderful help to me in withstanding the prolonged strain of playing two performances daily, which soon become a most exacting tax on one's vitality. Phosferine saves me from the effects of over-fatigue, and supplies my system with the rest and fresh energy to carry on my work successfully. I am quite sure of normal good health and sound sleep with Phosferine to help me, and to have no worry or anxiety of that kind means a lot in my profession. Jaded nerves soon rob one of freshness, and naturally I value Phosferine for the healthy vigour it assures me."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

## PHOSFERINE

BRAND

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
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From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT.—The New Tonic Fruit Saline.

Supersedes all old-fashioned laxatives—It Tones as it Cleanses!

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PRICE 1/6—DOUBLE QUANTITY 2/6



## TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

## The Minty Club Chair.

Minty of Oxford and 123, Victoria Street, have brought out a new club chair, an illustration of which appears on this page. It is an easy-chair built of wood, with all the virtues of the famous Minty Oxford 'Varsity chair. Until now, in spite of years of experiment, it has been impossible to produce the same luxurious comfort of the famous wicker chair—only at a prohibitive price. The new Minty Club chair is built on exactly the same lines as our renowned 'Varsity chair, embodying the long, low seat and specially shaped back, besides possessing other distinct advantages. It is made in three sizes, the seat measurements being 20,

24, and 28 in., and the prices £3 15s., £4 5s., and £4 15s.

## Chignons with Long Dresses.

The season's vogue for long dresses and evening gloves demand that the hair shall be dressed more formally than the shingle, which harmonized so perfectly with short frocks. The fashionable coiffure illustrated here is a Nonetta parting transformation created by the Maison Nicol of 170, New Bond Street, W. The



This is the new Minty Club chair, which is built on exactly the same lines as the 'Varsity chair, embodying the long, low seat and shaped back

hair is naturally wavy and every detail in the parting is so true to nature that the hair appears to be actually growing. The foundation of fine lace makes it cool and light to wear and it is ideal for the summer. Small chignons, which may be attached to one's own hair are also obtainable in these salons, and permanent waving by a successful steam process is carried out by skilled experts. There are special treatments for grey hair as well as for hair that has become faded. A brochure giving full particulars can be obtained gratis and post free on request.

## A Correction.

IN THE TATLER, June 11, it was stated that a three-piece suit from Chalmers of Oban was made of Cumberland tweed; this was of course an error, as the coat and skirt of the suit was made of tweed specially woven for this firm in Sutherlandshire. They specialize in Scotch tweeds and Highland homespun; they are known everywhere by the name of the Highland Tweed Warehouse.



A fashionable coiffure carried out in a Nonetta parting transformation, which is indistinguishable from Nature. It is created by the Maison Nicol of 170, New Bond Street, W.

See our Stand No. 98 at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, Manchester, July 8-12.



## Buying for the Horse

Stable Buildings can be made to look very pleasant. They can be made to keep a horse in perfect comfort. Get the benefits of good design, the substance in good material.

Write for Catalogue 635.

## Boulton &amp; Paul Stables &amp; Loose Boxes

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And 139, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. 4  
Phone: Central 4642

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.

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**ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN**

NOW PROCEEDING

THE London Depot of this famous factory that before removing to their new galleries, they are offering their entire stock of figures, vases, animals and tableware (including their well-known Blue Fluted Service) for Sale at a reduction of

**20%**

off their usual prices on all cash purchases

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# Nicoll's

## of Regent Street

### Summer Sale

Throughout July



Everything to wear for men  
and women

All stock reduced in price  
Ask for Sale List.

Garments to measure  
15% DISCOUNT.

An example of value

MODEL COSTUMES to Measure.  
Distinctive styles  
copied or designed.  
£8.8.0 less 15% £7.2.9

**H. J. NICOLL & Co. Ltd.**  
**114-120 Regent St.**  
**LONDON, W.**

## BUY THE BIJOU

The quietest, lightest  
and most compact  
Portable Typewriter,  
used on Graf Zep-  
pelin to U.S.A.  
Standard Key-  
board £14 14s.  
Cheaper model  
from £9 9s.  
Easy instalments.

Smaller than  
a note case  
4" by 3" by 1/2"  
Accurately adds. Delightfully com-  
pact, fits waistcoat pocket or bag.  
Indispensable to all who add. Made  
for English, Metric, or Indian  
money. 18/- post free.  
Presentation Pocket Leather Case 5/- extra.  
Larger De Luxe Model £24, in Leather Case.  
Write for List No. 29 of many other unique presents.  
**BARGAINS IN TYPEWRITERS AND DUPLICATORS.**  
**TAYLOR'S TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.,**  
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**Gripfix**  
The Ideal  
Adhesive.

THERE'S A  
POT FOR  
EVERY  
HOME AT  
A PRICE  
FOR  
EVERY  
POCKET

Manufacturers:  
(T), V.K. ROTARY CO., LTD., LONDON, S.E.12.



# A MILLION CHIMNEYS

In London alone a million chimneys fill the atmosphere with soot and impurity. The report of the Royal Institute of British Architects states that 595 tons of soot are deposited in a year per square mile of surface in London. In Leeds the fall of soot is 342 tons, and in Glasgow 447 tons per square mile.

It is an acid soot, that disintegrates the stone of great buildings. If it plays havoc with stone buildings, it is easy to imagine its effect on the human skin, the pores of which must be kept clean and free from "foreign particles" if skin-health is to be maintained.

You can protect your skin and you can guard against infection by using Wright's Coal Tar Soap—for more than 65 years recommended by medical men.

## WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

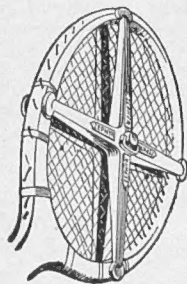
6d. per tablet

Streets 146

# "ZEPHYR"

## TENNIS RACKET PRESS

### Fits into any cover



The World's  
smallest, lightest and  
strongest press

Plain Finish 5/6 each Polished Finish 7/6 each

Stocked by Sports Dealers in all countries of the world.

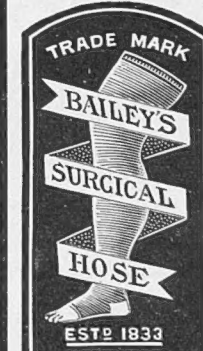
**ZEPHYR RACQUET PRESS LTD.**

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## BAILEY'S ELASTIC STOCKINGS for VARICOSE VEINS



97 YEARS' RE-  
PUTATION FOR  
BEST QUALITY  
AND COMFORT.

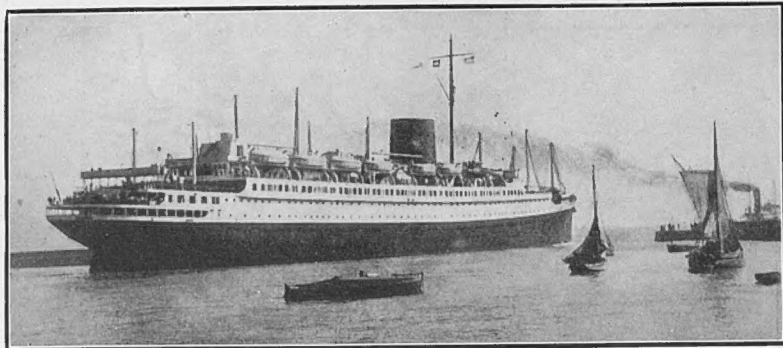
"VARIX"—all  
about Elastic  
Stockings, post  
free.

**SPECIALISTS in**  
**ABDOMINAL**  
**BELTS and**  
**TRUSSES.**

Special Depart-  
ment for Ladies.

**W. H. BAILEY & SON,**  
Surgical Instrument Makers,  
**45, OXFORD STREET, W.1**





THE FRENCH LINER, "LAFAYETTE"

France's largest motor liner leaving Plymouth on her maiden voyage to New York. A distinctive feature in this ship is her huge "fume" stack, the largest in any liner afloat

## Round and About Notes

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, urgently plead for 5s. weekly, or donations to help a lonely old widower of over eighty who is living in one little room in East London. His wife died last year, and the poor old man is quite lost without her. The Old Age Pension is his only income, and never having looked after himself he cannot possibly manage on his 10s. each week. Fortunately his son pays rent but cannot help him in any other way. Often he goes short of food and suffers much during the winter months. He begs us for a little help to buy his tobacco, for smoking is the only comfort left him. We find it very hard to raise money for his allowance, as old gentlemen do not get such ready sympathy as the old ladies on our lists; however, we ask you to make an exception and send gifts for this lonely widower.

\* \* \*

On July 8, half the best-known women in London Society will appear dressed as posters. The occasion is a ball which is being organized by Lady Diana Duff Cooper in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund and the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital at the Park Lane Hotel. Actually they will be posters with a difference, as the dresses are being designed by Mr. Oliver Messel, Mr. Cecil Beaton, and Mr. M. Michael Weight, whose very original designs for theatrical and fancy dress are so well known, under the direction of Miss Olga Lynn, the organizer of the pageant. Lady Diana Duff Cooper is herself to represent the figure of Charity, and will receive the purses in aid of

the fund presented by the leading figure in each episode. Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley will be the leader of the episode representing General Electric, while Lady Juliet Duff has arranged for Madame Chanel to design the dresses for her own episode, especially made to show off modern jewellery to its best advantage. Tickets and particulars may be obtained from 17, Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

The Second Annual Social Service Ball will be held at Claridge's on July 9 from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. in order to raise funds for the work of the Bureau. The Clabon West Band will be in attendance, and a short cabaret at midnight has been arranged by Mr. George Grossmith. Tickets (including buffet and supper) are £1 5s. each, and may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Social Service Ball, 3, Great James Street, W.C.1.

The Italian Travel Bureau in London announces that the Stelvio Pass, 9,041 ft., the highest motoring road in Europe (connecting the Italian Lake District with the climbing centre in the Ortler Group and the Dolomites), was accessible as from June 21, which is about a fortnight sooner than is usual. The Stelvio Pass will be used this season by many travellers to and from Oberammergau in passing to and from Italy.



Marcia Stein

MADAME NINA TARASOVA

The famous Russian singer of folk-songs, who held a successful recital at the Aeolian Hall on June 25. Madame Tarasova sang in three languages, Russian, French, and English, and she has won a European reputation, and also an American one, and has been rapturously acclaimed in all countries wherever and whenever she has appeared

## LONDON CINEMAS.

REGAL, MARBLE ARCH.

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT."  
REMARQUE'S IMMORTAL MASTERPIECE.

ALHAMBRA, LEICESTER SQ.

STOLL, KINGSWAY.

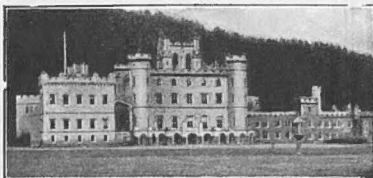
DOORS OPEN 12 noon (SUNDAYS from 6.0) Entire Week Commencing June 30th.

TWO-FEATURE TALKIE PROGRAMME.

"DISRAELI." THE TRIUMPH OF THE TALKING SCREEN,  
with GEORGE ARLISS and JOAN BENNETT.

"THE DELIGHTFUL ROGUE." - A Rollicking Pirate Drama, with  
ROD LA ROCQUE & RITA LA ROY.

## LIST OF HOTELS.



Taymouth Castle  
Hotel

ABERFELDY PERTHSHIRE

Situated amidst the most beautiful scenery in Scotland, this historic family residence, now the finest hotel in the Highlands, is a unique combination of mediæval splendour and modern luxury, commanding facilities for everyone's enjoyment. Over 400 acres of beautiful grounds. Golf, tennis, badminton, motoring, dancing, fishing, horse-riding. Unexcelled cuisine and service. Fifty private lock-ups, mechanic in attendance.

Write for terms and beautifully illustrated brochure:  
"The History of Taymouth Castle."

Telegrams:  
Taymouth Castle, Kenmore.

Telephone:  
Aberfeldy Nine.

## LIST OF HOTELS—(continued).

6 Days Motor Tours in "BRITTANY"

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"LA ROUTE DE BRETAGNE"

Departures from DINARD and return

MAY, JUNE and SEPTEMBER, twice a week.

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Regular service in half day

ST. MALO—LA BAULE in half day throughout July and August

All particulars to be obtained at Principal Travel Bureaux and from Etablissements J. Beaudré, Rue Lord Kitchener, Dinan, France. Illustrated booklet free on application.

8 hrs. from SOUTHAMPTON

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GOLF AND TENNIS CLUBS

Apply to SYNDICAT d'INITIATIVE or Office Français du Tourisme, 56, Haymarket, London, S.W.1

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BRITTANY

LE TOUQUET—HOTEL REGINA

In Pine Forest near Casino.

5 minutes Golf and Sea :: No Taxes :: Apply for Booklet.

ST. CAST (near DINARD) HOTEL ROYAL BELLEVUE

On the Beach. Regular Motor-bus Service with Dinard. Modern Comfort

125 rooms, 50 baths. 18-hole Golf. Tennis. Fine Water-toboggan.

Low season terms from 50 Frs., and high season, 75 Frs. (Open 6th June)

DAINTY BIRTHDAY BOOKS BIJOU EDITIONS

Size: 2½ inches by 1½ inches, in various Bindings from 1/6 nett.

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TORQUAY VICTORIA & ALBERT

FIRST CLASS LEADING HOTEL

Sea Views. Exclusive Menu. Choicest Wines. Orchestra.

# Your Good Name

Is advertising working day and night, year in and year out, upholding the quality and prestige of the products bearing your good name, or is it by onslaught or "gentle persuasion" weaning a public preference for your competitor's wares?

Is it gaining a ready entry for your salesmen, or do they represent a firm that does not advertise?

Is it *holding secure* those dealer relations which, "however many years he's done business with you," will inevitably, if reluctantly, be broken when it comes to his pocket—his business? He *must* buy what the public demands, and how often he knows before you!

That's it! "*What the public demands.*"

Does your smaller order mean that demand has fallen, or that some competitor or newcomer has an order for your "minus quantity?" You will seldom know before it is too late.

In brief, is advertising protecting your business—promoting consumer demand for your goods?

This is a sincere interrogation to the non-advertiser, whether big manufacturer or small trader, for there are few businesses which will be able to dispense with the silent service of advertising in the next ten years. Every day the great public becomes more susceptible to its guiding influence. They trust it now more than ever—they accept advertised products

with an unconscious satisfaction leading from first purchase to perpetual goodwill.

To-day the grocers, the chemists, the drapers, the ironmongers, retailers in every business are selling, oftentimes in great volume, products which less than five years ago were unknown. You will find them selling articles and commodities which have been forced out of obscurity into the forefront by consumer demand through advertising.

The day is here when leading manufacturers are ready to stake their whole business reputation on products bearing their name. They have learned never to lose sight of advertising considerations from the constituents or construction of the product until it reaches the consumer. Advertising in all its phases is used to pilot their merchandise through every trade channel and to help overcome every form of sales resistance.

These are the manufacturers—the traders, who are investing in public goodwill towards their products in the future. They realise the public is learning to refuse unsponsored merchandise, and that their ultimate position in the market depends upon the consistent excellence of their products and the effectiveness of their advertising activity. They are planning to-day for the sales of to-morrow.

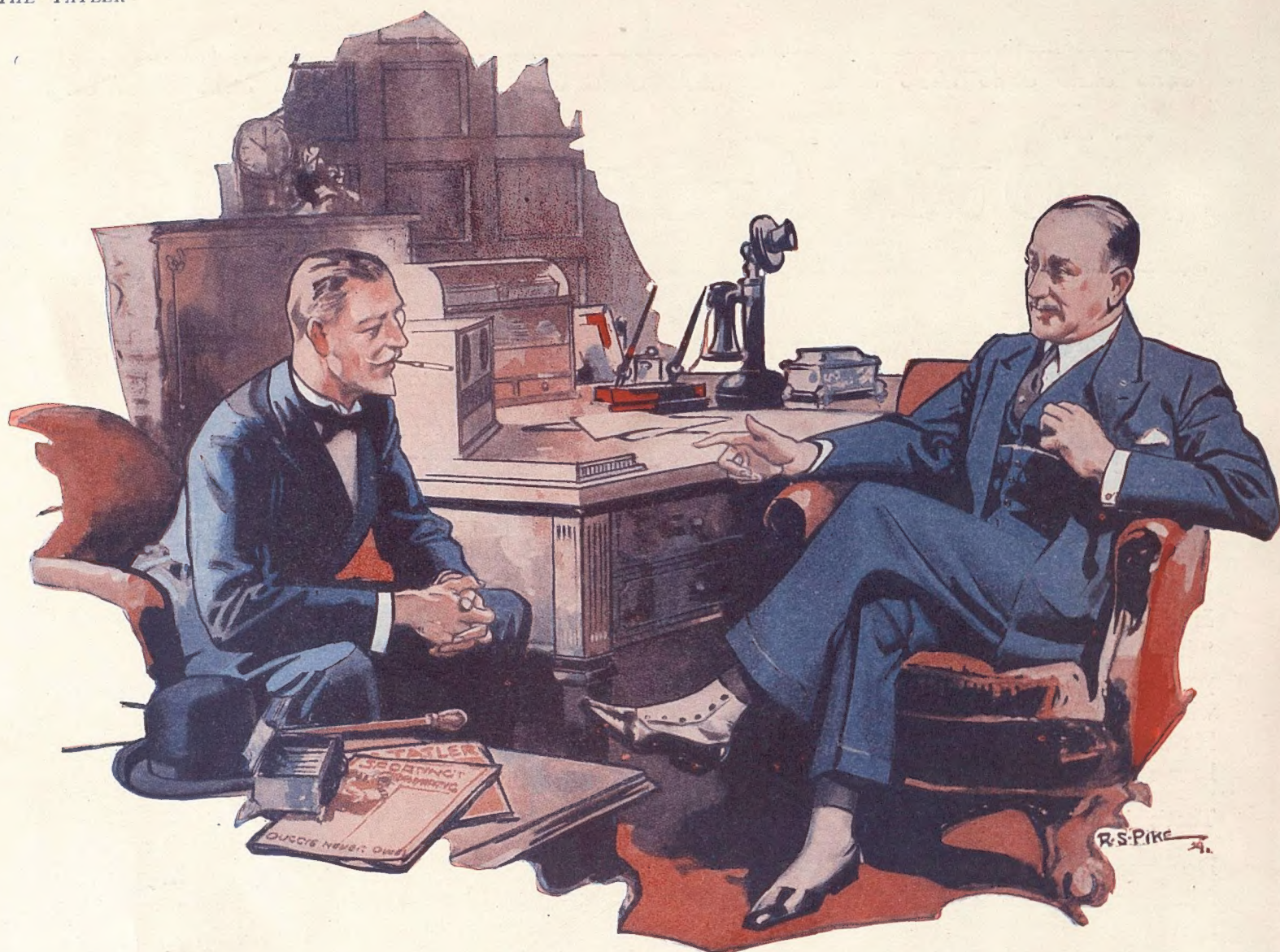
YOUR GOOD NAME . . . .

## Take steps NOW to protect it

You may approach the subject with confidence, and entirely without obligation

*The Advertisement Director, Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, will be glad to acquaint any manufacturer interested in the advertising of his products, with the channels through which expert advertising and selling advice may be secured.*





## Duggie explains—On ARBITRATION.

*"Really Astounding."*

**Sir Edward:** "A great deal of controversy has arisen lately, Stuart, with regard to the settlement of disputes between clients and Turf Accountants. As you know, I'm a member of Snook's and Bright's Clubs, and several members are most anxious to have your views."

**Duggie:** "Perhaps you will explain a little more fully, Sir Edward."

**Sir Edward:** "We all recognize that no matter how honourable and well-meaning both agents and backers may be, misunderstandings inevitably arise, and it gives one a feeling of security to know definitely that such matters will be properly settled."

**Duggie:** "A very admirable view, in which I heartily concur."

**Sir Edward:** "Now, in the event of your having a query with a client, what procedure would you adopt?"

**Duggie:** "If such a contingency should arise, Sir Edward, and arbitration was the only means of decision, I would leave myself entirely in the hands of my client."

**Sir Edward:** "I don't quite understand."

**Duggie:** "I should ask my client to select the arbitrator, and, providing it was a competent authority or committee, I would, of course, abide by the decision given."

**Sir Edward:** "Then you do not insist upon confining the selection of an arbitrator to the papers you advertise in?"

**Duggie:** "Not at all, Sir Edward. Tattersall's Committee is, in my opinion, the proper body. Incidentally, you can give your fellow clubmen an interesting piece of information."

**Sir Edward:** "And that is?"

**Duggie:** "I do not remember a dispute or misunderstanding with a client that hasn't been settled without the necessity of arbitration."

**Sir Edward:** "Really astounding, Stuart. I'll not forget to convey your message. By the way, Stuart, what are you doing about the 'Tote'?"

**Duggie:** "Same terms, Sir Edward. No Limit—'Tote' or S.P."

*"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients.*

**"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.**

# Douglas Stuart

*"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.*